

The new Sicknik record: "WADJA SAY, MR. K?"

ICD

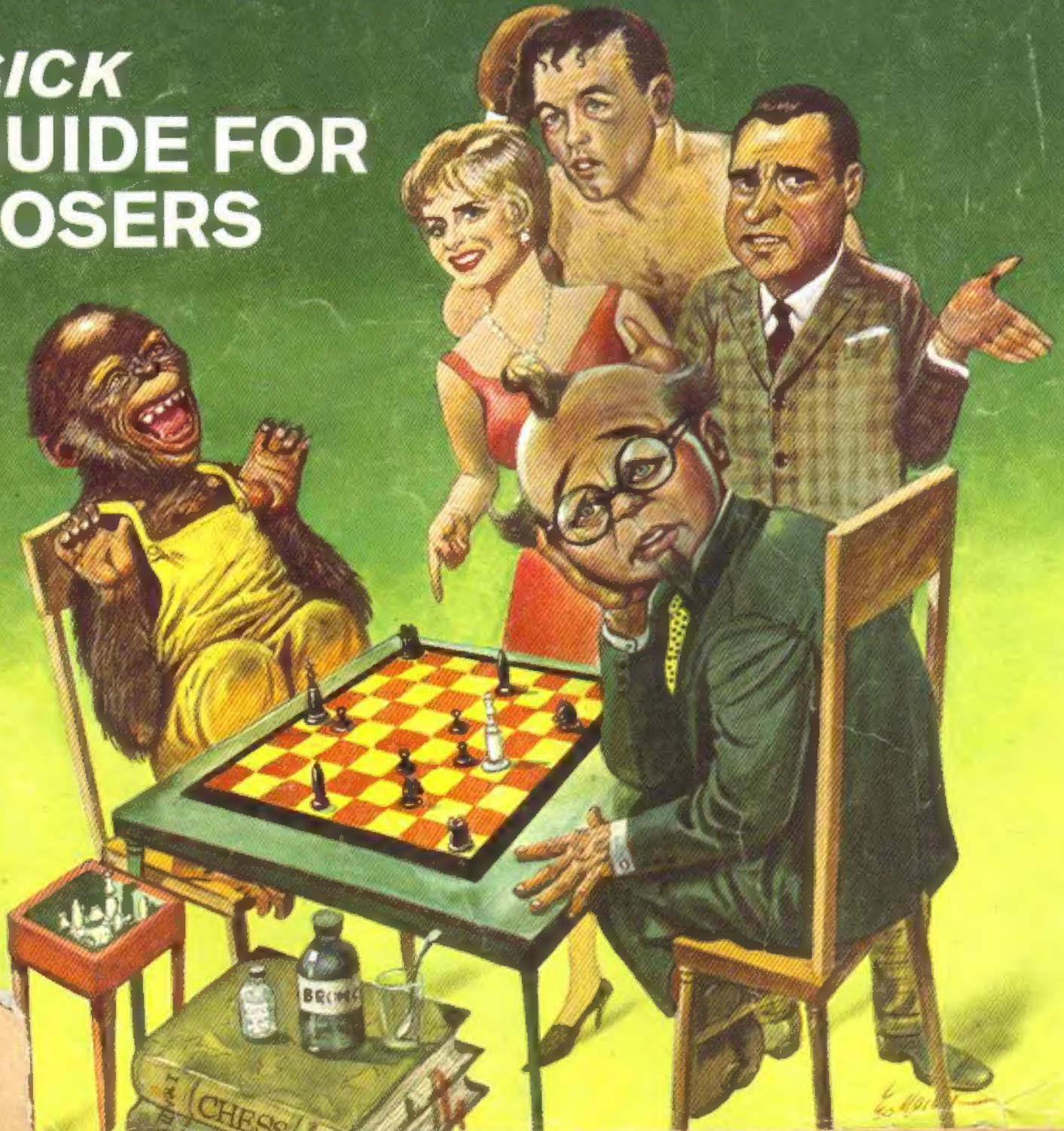
SICK

FEBRUARY

25¢

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

**SICK
GUIDE FOR
LOSERS**



GREAT MOMENTS IN MEDICINE...



Tell me, doctor,
was the surgery a success?

Well, we got rid
of that hooked nose.

In years gone by the newscaster was a disseminator of news. Today, TV newscasters have become personalities—charming, boyish, dispensers of clever quips along with their news bulletins. Doug Edwards, Walter Cronkite, Huntley and Brinkley have large followings. A lot of the people tuning in don't bother to listen to the news. Here is SICK's impression of how one of these "charm" boys would tell the TV audience of the outbreak of World War III, in this — — —

newscast

Hi there, and welcome to our news show. Glad we could get together and hash over the happenings around the world compiled by a grand bunch of guys, the GBS News Staff. My name is Randy VanMcGee.

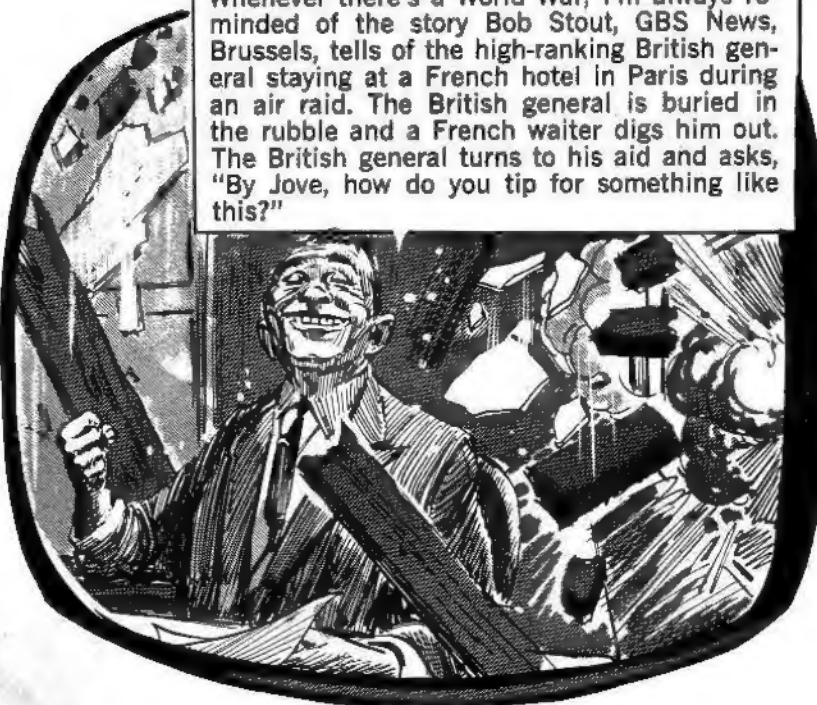


Our first item is from Washington, D.C.—Well, World War III finally broke out. Everybody expected it. We're fighting the Russians this time. You remember the Russians. Lenin, Stalin, Marx—that group. They're calling this war World War III because we've already had two. Actually, it isn't a world war yet—since you never have a real "world" war. Switzerland has stayed out of the last two great wars. Backward people, the Swiss—they just don't read the papers and have no form of government to speak of. Means they have no leaders. If you wanted to declare war on Switzerland, who would you call?

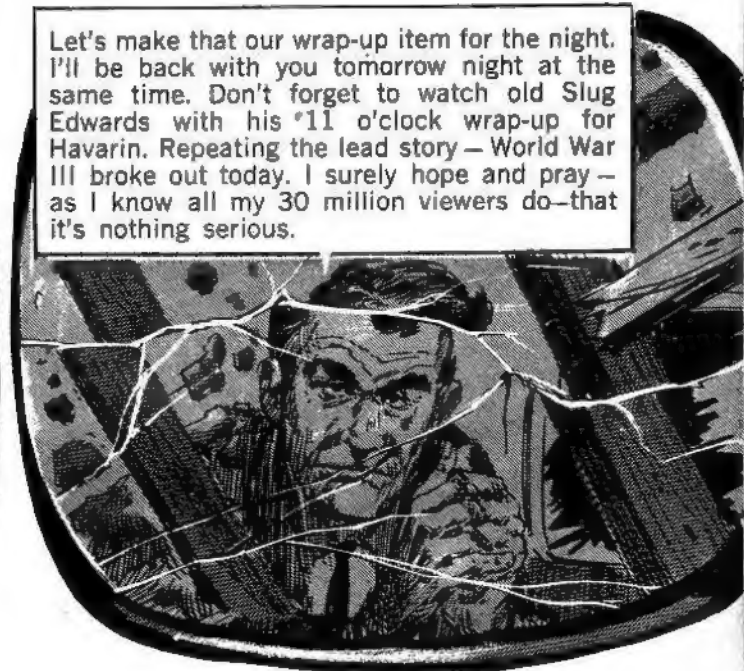


The new war has brought a lot of activity to the nation's capital as you might imagine. Immediately following this news show we'll have GBS' Sandy VanHokum who, incidently is a great guy, bring you much of the color of the past two World Wars in a GBS Special called "Much of the Color of the past two World Wars."

Whenever there's a World War, I'm always reminded of the story Bob Stout, GBS News, Brussels, tells of the high-ranking British general staying at a French hotel in Paris during an air raid. The British general is buried in the rubble and a French waiter digs him out. The British general turns to his aid and asks, "By Jove, how do you tip for something like this?"



Let's make that our wrap-up item for the night. I'll be back with you tomorrow night at the same time. Don't forget to watch old Slug Edwards with his '11 o'clock wrap-up for Havarin. Repeating the lead story—World War III broke out today. I surely hope and pray—as I know all my 30 million viewers do—that it's nothing serious.



I admit the hooked nose was too much, but doc, the eye only twitched a little bit.

SICK

VOL. 2—NO. 5

FEBRUARY, 1962

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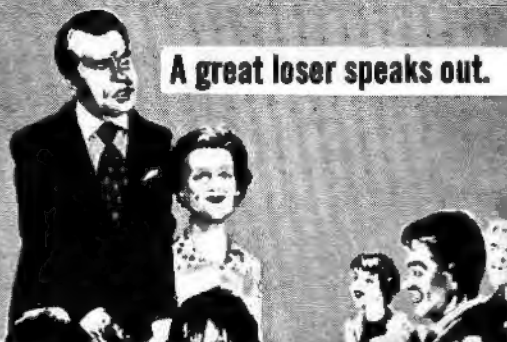
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OUR OWN MONSTER MOVIE

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A great loser speaks out.

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Feature Editors
and writers

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Production

BOB POWELL
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BILL MAJESKI
and
BILL DIXON
Contributing writers

Sick →
Square
New York



SCENE: Mob Headquarters . . .

A PAIR OF GORILLAS

A COUPLE
OF
TURTLES DOES

CLUBS

A
MASNER

F. COSTELLO
1938

SCENE: In Hall outside conference room.

You feel bad . . . Look at *me*. I have to change my name because it's embarrassing Italian-Americans . . . *Me-Dutch Schultz* . . .

Sickcerely yours:



Dear Editors:

During a recent regression, obviously referring to my reading of an issue of SICK, on page 14 (November, 1961) "Movie Review," I discovered a salient flaw. You stated that the husband (of Helen of Troy) was Agamemnon. As all students of Greek History/Mythology/Literature know - the husband of Helen was Menelaus. Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, was the husband of Clytemnestra until she slew him!

James R. Ludwig
State University of New York
College of Education
Fredonia, N.Y.

ED: Nobody likes a know-it-all. Evidently, you are confused about Greek Mythology. In the first place, Salient Flaw was an Italian General in the Ethiopian campaign, and contrary to Popular Belief—a historian of the day—Flaw was unmarried. Although, you are correct in one thing; The State University of New York's College of Education is located in Fredonia, New York. We know because we're not sending any more copies of the magazine there.

Dear SICK sirs:

I first saw your magazine earlier this year on the "Overland Limited." Since I can never sleep on a train, I bought a copy of "SICK." I didn't know what kind of magazine it was, but I reckon if it's American it has to be good.

Since then I have bought every issue of "SICK." It's the best thing since the automobile came to Australia (Not that I was around then). I don't know how many of your type of magazine there are in the states, but the only ones "down under" are from U.S.A. I can't understand how you get away with some of the articles you print though, such as the sketch on your President and Mrs. Kennedy. But keep it coming, it's tops.

Tony Baker
Henley Beach South
South Australia

ED: Just send us the name of your President and we'll do an article on him. Send to SICK Editors, Federal Penitentiary, U.S.A.

Dear SICK:

We in England read SICK, thoroughly, that is why we enjoy it so much because now we are Sick too. I am writing this to tell you what happened to an oldie (anyone over 30 years) friend of mine. This oldie bought a copy of "SICK" and couldn't understand a word of it, so he took it back to the shop and asked the shopkeeper to explain it to him. The shopkeeper explained that you have

to be a genius to understand SICK. This story has a happy ending; I took my copy of SICK to my friend and explained a few things to him and pointed some things out to him and he laughed his head off. So today there is an oldie walking around with no head! Keep up the good work.

Miss P. J. Holland
84 Harlington Road East
Feltham, Middlesex,
England

ED: We are looking for someone in England to explain SICK to MacMillan. He's having trouble with the jokes—he gets them a week late. Some of our readers are doing the same thing—they're reading MAD.

As for old people, we feel too many magazines are aimed at teen-agers. To remedy this, we present a new feature—"SEVENTY MAGAZINE." This feature is designed for people like Miss Holland's friend who like more subtle, sophisticated humor. Read the magazine within a magazine—designed for Old Agera, written by Old Agera—in this issue.

Dear SICK Friends:

In your magazine I wish you would have a commercial like "Crust with Fluidsteel." I wish you would continue "The Unblushables" and I wish you would continue to have pictures as in your "Adolph Hitler" story.

Michael Geffert
704 N. Elmer Avenue
Sayre, Penna.

ED: Wishing will make it so.

Dear SICK:

The first SICK I bought was the November, 1961 issue. I just had to write and tell you what a great magazine you've got. Some of the things I especially enjoyed were "Great Moments in Movies." I cut out the picture from "Circus of Horrors," the autobiography of Valentino, and Axis Sally. The Guns of Navarone review, the cute thing about Hitler—Heck, let's face it, I loved the whole darn magazine! Keep on printing sick SICK or I'll be sick. Congratulations.

Janie Peto
13539 Havendale Drive
Cleveland 30, Ohio

ED: If you don't like the mag, why don't you just say so?

Dear SICK People: Hello Dere!

Being fans of your magazine has its drawbacks. We were boarding a plane recently to keep a club date, when a reporter began interviewing us. He asked the question—"Do you use any sick humor in your act?" We unhesitatingly replied, "No," and suddenly realized we were both carrying copies of SICK under our arms. Well, you never saw two guys go up the ramp to an airplane any faster in your life. Couldn't you change the name of your book to "WELL?" Or even better to "Saturday Review of Literature?"

—Marty Allen & Steve Rossi

ED: Can't do. There already is a publication on the news stands named "WELL"



Marty Allen and Steve Rossi, one of the country's top comedy teams, have appeared on the Ed Sullivan show, and recently completed an engagement with Frank Sinatra at the Sands in Las Vegas. They are avid SICK readers. Or at least Steve is—he reads the book to Marty.

Dear SICK:

Keep up the good work on your sick, sick magazine—read it for the first time today. I consider it very amusing. Took the drudge out of an old married lady's day of baby care and housework. Great relaxer for a tired lady of twenty-three.

Mrs. D. A. Wood
2716 Flower

No. Las Vegas, Nevada

ED: We remember you on radio—"Mrs. D. A.," defending of rights, guardian of the people...

Dear SICK:

I think your magazine is the most nauseating I have ever read. Many people write you trying in all seriousness to tell you what I have just said. Your answers to these letters aren't funny and show exactly how mentally deranged you must be. If you call me a fan, you must really be stupid. Personally, I think Nikita Khrushchev is funnier than you are. I hope this letter helps Caruso and Levine, too, because I think they could do better. I dare you to print this letter with one of those hysterically side-splitting answers.

Patt Vigil
330 South Penn.
Denver, Colorado

P.S. The Monologue for Sick Comics in your last issue was slightly humorous.

ED: Don't try to win us back.

Dear SICK,

This may sound sickening, but I am sick. All because I read your magazine. Aren't you sick of people making sick jokes about your sick magazine?

SICK
Chattanooga, Tenn.

ED: Yes.

Dear SICK:

In your last issue you had a few things about Jack, Jackie, and Caroline Kennedy. I thought it was terrible. Kennedy is a lot smarter than you think! He isn't money hungry and neither is Jackie! Your editors are sicker than the magazine. We felt like burning all your magazines.

Unsigned
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Unsigned: When sketches kidding the Kennedys were censored from TV, the majority of the press as well as most clear thinking people blasted the censors for their sophomoric attitude to entertainment. If a country loses its sense of humor, it is in big trouble. As for burning our magazines, that's a practice the world has already experienced. It was performed by a little man named Adolph Hitler. He didn't have a sense of humor, either. American presidents have been kidded by Mark Twain, Will Rogers and Bob Hope, and they all survived. We think the Kennedys would not object to our poking fun at them. We think they

would realize that there was no malice in this humor. Certainly, none was intended.

—The Editors

Dear Sirs:

I'm stupid doing this but I think you'll understand. I'm subscribing to your no-good-for-nothing, magazine. I'm sick, but I'm not completely sick.

Richard Brockett
RR No. 2
Mattoon, Ill.

ED: We have another stupid reader from Ill.—Extremely, Ill.

Dear SICK:

Your magazine is psychopathic. Joe Simon is incorrigible. Dee Caruso and Bill Levine should see a psychiatrist. Joe Genalo should see a neurologist. The rest of your staff should quit while they're still ahead.

Weldon Barker
24 Locust Avenue
Millburn, New Jersey

ED: What are you, some kind of a booking agent for the A.M.A.?

GET WELL

DEANAGERS...

There's a new magazine entitled "Seventy" which is the "Seventeen" for older folks. Casey Stengel and Dame May Whitney have graced their covers and the magazine gossip column asks questions like: "Who is sharing Bernard Baruch's park bench?" (That's his nurse.) and "What's With Eleanor Roosevelt?"

Inside you'll find articles like, "People of 80 have the most fun." That was written by a 75-year-old man; "Love After 60"—the story of a couple who run away from their grandchildren; "Making Money After Retirement"—an article on how to make money in your sleep and "Sensible Sex"—the science fiction article for the month.



The one article we liked best was Seventy's true life, real experience, pure fiction love story. This month's confession went something like this:

"The first time I saw Qwendolyn I loved her. Qwendolyn was like that—to see her was to love her. To know Qwendolyn was to hate her. I both saw (loved) and knew (hated) Qwendolyn on sight. I was like that.

"The first time I saw Qwendolyn was at breakfast at the old peoples' home. She sat eating her prunes tantalizing me with her eyes. I loved her on sight because to see Qwendolyn is to love her... Well, you know all that.

"We looked at each other and something passed between us. It was Blotto, the old Collie at the old peoples' home. Qwendolyn was 72, but she looked 71. I was 70 and completely in her power. I spoke first; 'If you don't stop looking at me like that with those seductive blue eyes of yours, I'll go out of my mind.' Women like Qwendolyn don't know what they do to men. They start the blood flowing inside of you. I spoke again: 'You make me wish I was 65 again. You're exciting and yet tranquil; complex and yet simple; you're menacing yet inviting.'

"Then, Qwendolyn spoke to me. She raised her eyes from her copy of Readers' Digest, pushed forward her breakfast tray and said: 'If you don't get off my back, I'll beat you to death with my Melba toast.' That was Qwendolyn all over. To know her was to hate her and I knew her very well..."

READ "SEVENTY" ON PAGE 29

Virgil Couch, head of the Nation's Civil Defense, says there is no threat of an atomic attack. Mr. Couch doesn't have a bomb shelter in his home—he lives in the 7th Avenue Subway. It was Mr. Couch who once said, "It isn't the fallout we have to fear—it's the noise." On the following pages, SICK presents—

BY DEE CARUSO
AND
BILL LEVINE

ART BY BOB POWELL

SICKnificant news of the world

ITALIAN WINS AUTO RACE

MONZA, ITALY—An Italian race car driver, Guiseppe Bolari, won the Grand Prix here.



The Grand Prix is the most dangerous car race in the world. Why did you want to win it — for the money?

No --- I wanted to be a big man with the girls.

What was your speed?

I used to go for fat, dumb blondes, but lately I'm swinging to tall brunettes.

I mean your speed on the track.

60 miles per hour. Of course, that's only during pit stops.

Again this year a Ferrari won the race. Is there anything on wheels today faster than the Ferrari?

Yes.
A P-38.

Have you ever been involved in any serious accidents?

Last year I killed 28 spectators.

In races?

No, in the streets.

Spectators are always getting killed at big races. Where is the safest place to watch a big race?

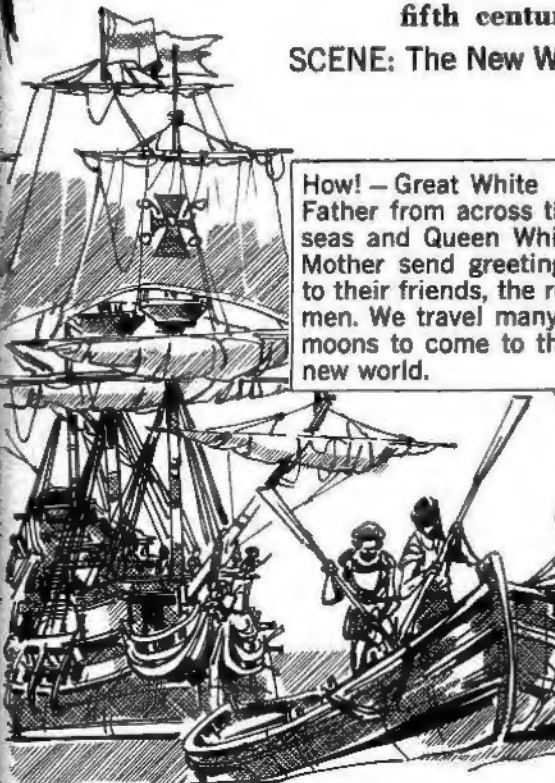
In the last car.

Columbus Discovers Chinese


News Report:

HONG KONG—The Chinese, not Columbus, discovered America, the Communist newspaper *Wen Wei Pao* declared today. The red Chinese publication claimed Chinese Buddhists reached the New World by way of the Aleutian Islands and Alaska in the fifth century.


SCENE: The New World. TIME: 1492 . . .




How! — Great White Father from across the seas and Queen White Mother send greeting to their friends, the red men. We travel many moons to come to this new world.




Ah, so? Humble natives welcome great travelers into our humble home. You honor us with your visit.



You're Chinese?
You're kidding!



We of Ming Dynasty, sister classmate of Shirley Yakamoko. What little we have is yours. Not much happening now, but this is excellent location for oriental restaurants.



I don't understand — If you are Indians, how come you speak Chinese?

True, pale face, we are Indians, but we educated at Chinese University — Nagking State.

I heard rumors that Leif Erickson and his Vikings were here. Have you seen anything of him?

Is he tall, blond man with fair skin and outdoor ruddy complexion?

Yes, that's him.

No.

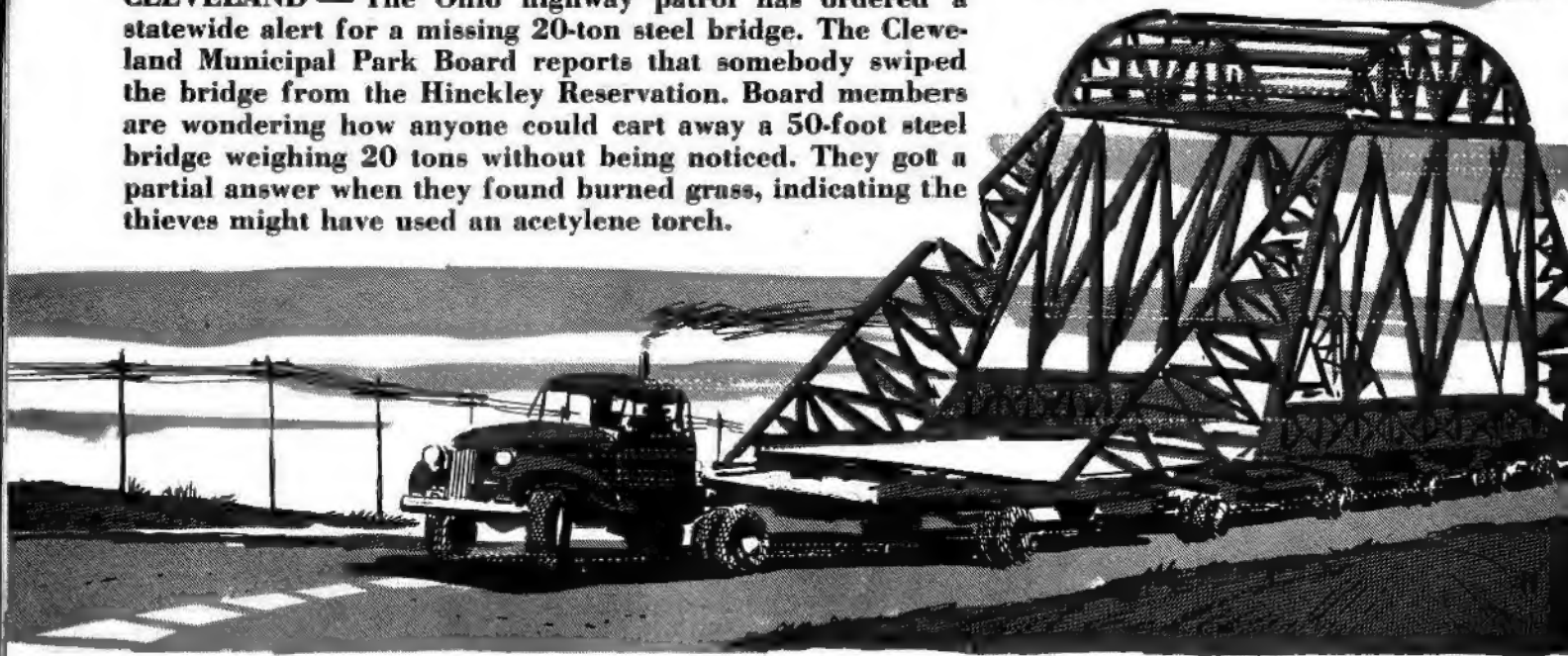
If you haven't seen anything of him, how can you describe him so accurately?

We heard the same rumors.

NEWS
ITEM:

20 TON BRIDGE STOLEN

CLEVELAND — The Ohio highway patrol has ordered a statewide alert for a missing 20-ton steel bridge. The Cleveland Municipal Park Board reports that somebody swiped the bridge from the Hinckley Reservation. Board members are wondering how anyone could cart away a 50-foot steel bridge weighing 20 tons without being noticed. They got a partial answer when they found burned grass, indicating the thieves might have used an acetylene torch.



SCENE: Cleveland police chief's office.

Now, Chief, what was stolen?

A 20-ton bridge — 50 feet long.



Can you describe the bridge?

Yes — it's a long, steel construction last seen spanning a river with cars on it.



What are police doing about it?

We're watching all highways — we're afraid they may try to swipe one.



How do you think they took it?

In a long truck...

Who do you suspect?

Alec Guinness?...



Does the burned grass indicate that they used torches?

It could mean that it was stolen by Indians.

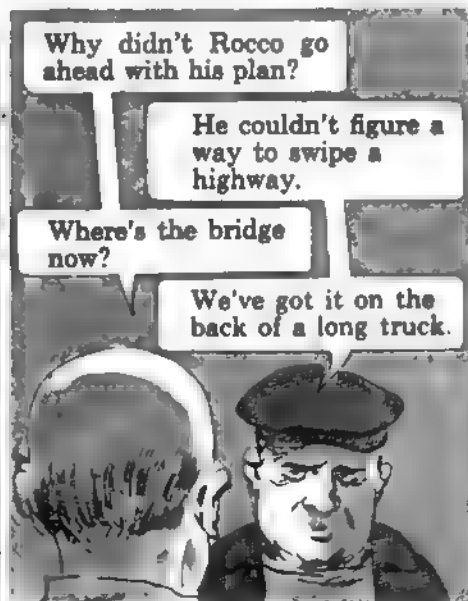
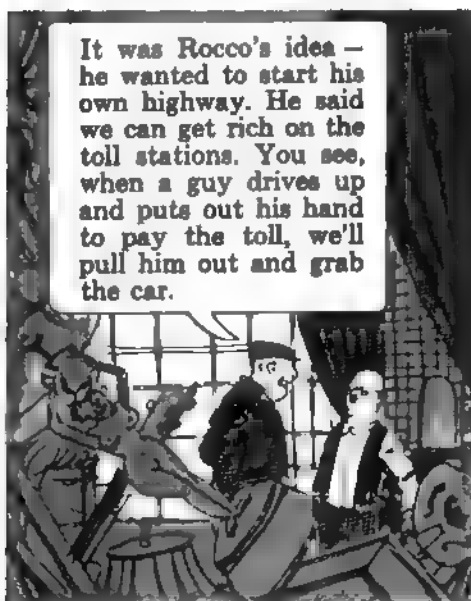
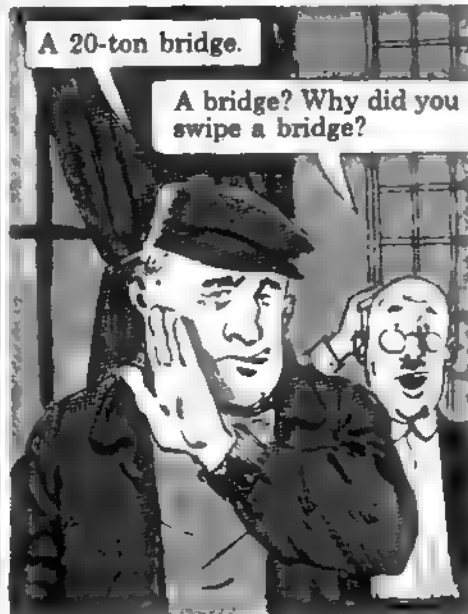
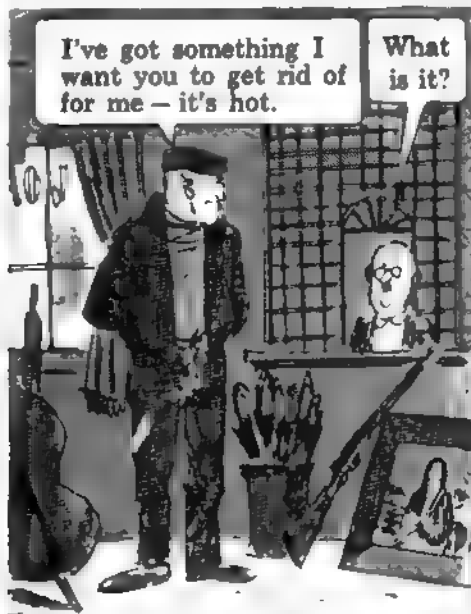


Anyone see the thieves?

Only one man — they asked him directions to Cleveland and he said: "First thing you do is take the bridge ---" And they did.



LOAN SHARK'S OFFICE ANOTHER PART OF TOWN.



NEWS ITEM: Highway Stolen

CLEVELAND—A highway, USS 5, was stolen last night from Cleveland to Cincinnati. The only clue was some burned grass and several Indian feathers.

MORE MIRTHFUL
MAYHEM BY THE

SICKniks

HAVE YOU HEARD
the banned best selling record
that was acclaimed the slick-
est, SICKEST RELEASE OF
THE YEAR!

PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE

Wherever records are sold ... or ...

Send \$1 to President
Woodstock Music
200 W. 57th St.
New York, N. Y.
Room 607

WADJA SAY, MR. K?....

I say this record is hotcha-
chanya! If you want to hear it
Vit music yet, send \$1. to
Mr. K at the peasant firm of
Woodstock Music, 200 W. 57
St. Room 607, New York, N.Y.
Or if you are a capitalist, send
\$4. and get the whole crazy
album, SICK #2.



What Havana cigars need is a good country.

SICK, SICK World

Troy Donahue, star of "Surfside 6" was surprised by his girl friend while out with another woman. Troy (*isn't that a pretty name?*) claims the other woman was his grandmother, but his girl friend wouldn't buy it. "Sure, his grandmother," she said. "She looked like Mamie Van Doren." Can Troy help it if his grandmother is a knockout?

* * *

MINUTE MONOLOGUE:

One of the country's most inspiring graduation exercises is held at Randall's Island in New York City each year. It's the graduation of a new class of rookies from the Sanitation Department's school where the men spend a grueling two weeks learning their thankless trade. The Commissioner addresses the men thusly:

Okay, Guys, will you knock it off. You fellas in back try to keep your brooms steady while I'm on. Thanks. Men, today, you go out to face the world—it's a cruel, cold—dirty world. As you go out there to face all that filth, remember the Sanitation Man's Code: "Clean Mind, Clean Body, Clean Streets..." And remember you are not alone. There are 5,000 men from S and D out there with you. You can always recognize a fellow sanitation department man—you'll find him near garbage.

Be proud of your job. Some of the top men in this city are in garbage. Remember one thing at all times—be neat. You must set the example for the other citizens. A cleaner New York is up to you. This is the best class we've ever had. We are so happy with it the Mayor wanted to hold a parade for you, but it makes too much of a mess and we'd have to clean it up ourselves.

Personally, I like parades. As a member of the Sanitation Department, I've been following parades for over twenty years. I admit I'm a little bitter about mounted policemen, but I love the music.

We had a few things happen during this class we'd rather forget. I'm referring to the day Student Fletcher fell into the garbage truck. I know you would all like to wipe that scene from your memory. Fletch hollered a lot as the truck swallowed him up. We won't forget him—we're bringing a bouquet or flowers down to the city dump today.

* * *

We were engaged in the weekly American obstacle course—reading the Sunday New York Times in toto (record time—2 hours, 43 minutes) when an item in the literary section caught our eye: "Lecture — Prof. Herbert Borentz—Similarity of Modern Dance to Sex. 2:30 p.m.—Town Hall."

We have never been a particular fan of the modern dance, but we have followed sex with more than casual interest for some time.

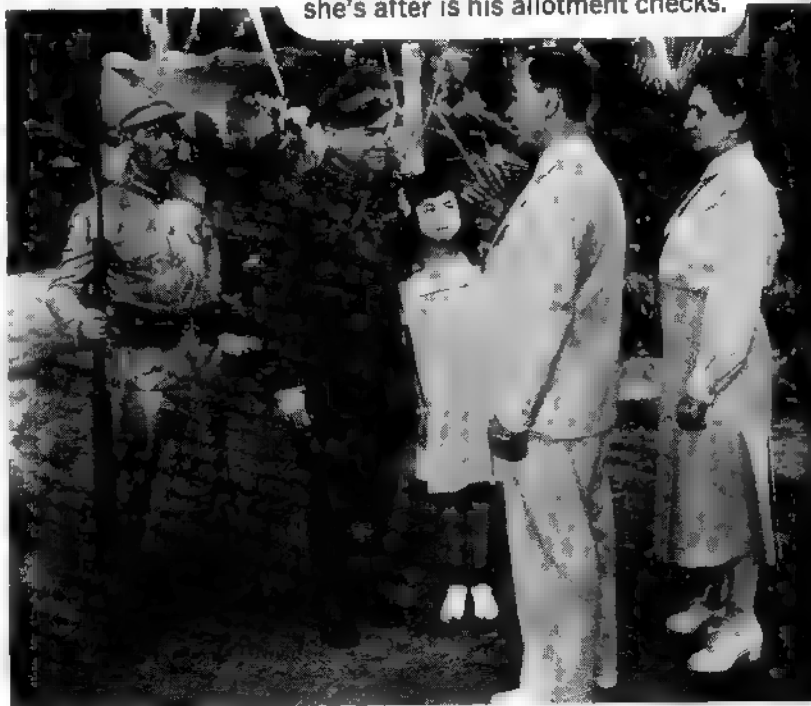
When we arrived at the lecture hall, we saw the professor standing at the podium and alongside him stood a boy and girl in ballet tights. After no little deliberation, we concluded the couple were up there to demonstrate the modern dance.

The professor spoke for one hour and 24 minutes or for just 19 minutes less than it takes to read the Sunday Times. His lecture was punctuated with illustrated dance steps and uncontrollable giggles. However, he proved conclusively that there is a similarity between modern dance and sex, if you are looking for it and apparently Professor Borentz is.

* * *

That's right, Schoolmaster, we're in love and we want to get married.

The Fool! He doesn't know all she's after is his allotment checks.



Now that Trujillo is dead, people are willing to talk about the Dominican Republic. Had a friend who visited there and wouldn't tell us about it until the other day. Feeling safe to talk finally, he commented: "Lovely island—climate is ideal and a great place to vacation."

* * *

Where are they hiding the mail boxes? They used to have a mail box on every corner and on alternate corners they'd have a small boy in

a green suit with his mouth open . . .

We're sending a nasty letter to the N.Y. Postmaster about the situation as soon as we can find a mail box to put it in . . .

* * *

New show called the "Corrupters" is trying to avoid the trouble "The Untouchables" had with Italian-Americans by using only Anglo-Saxon names for their gangsters. Their latest show was about garbage collectors. Have you ever met a garbage collector who was Italian?

This show was cast in Italy. At a meeting of garbage collectors, this guy gets up and says, "Wat's a da madder wit youse guys? Bunch of animals. You bleed me and a my family wit dis a protection racket. God will punish all of you. Dis is a crime! I no gonna stand for it!!!" The chairman says, "Thank you, Bob Phillips." Stephen McNally plays a reporter named O'Malley and even he acts Italian. The topper is that the show is sponsored by Franco-American spaghetti.

* * *

SICKEST JOKE:

God is playing golf with Saint Peter. Saint Peter tees off with nice drive. God hits ball and an eagle catches it in midair, flies over green, drops ball and it lands right into hole. Saint Peter turns to God and says, "Are you going to fool around, or do you want to play golf?"

Guy got hit by a car and broke six legs. He was carrying a dog . . .

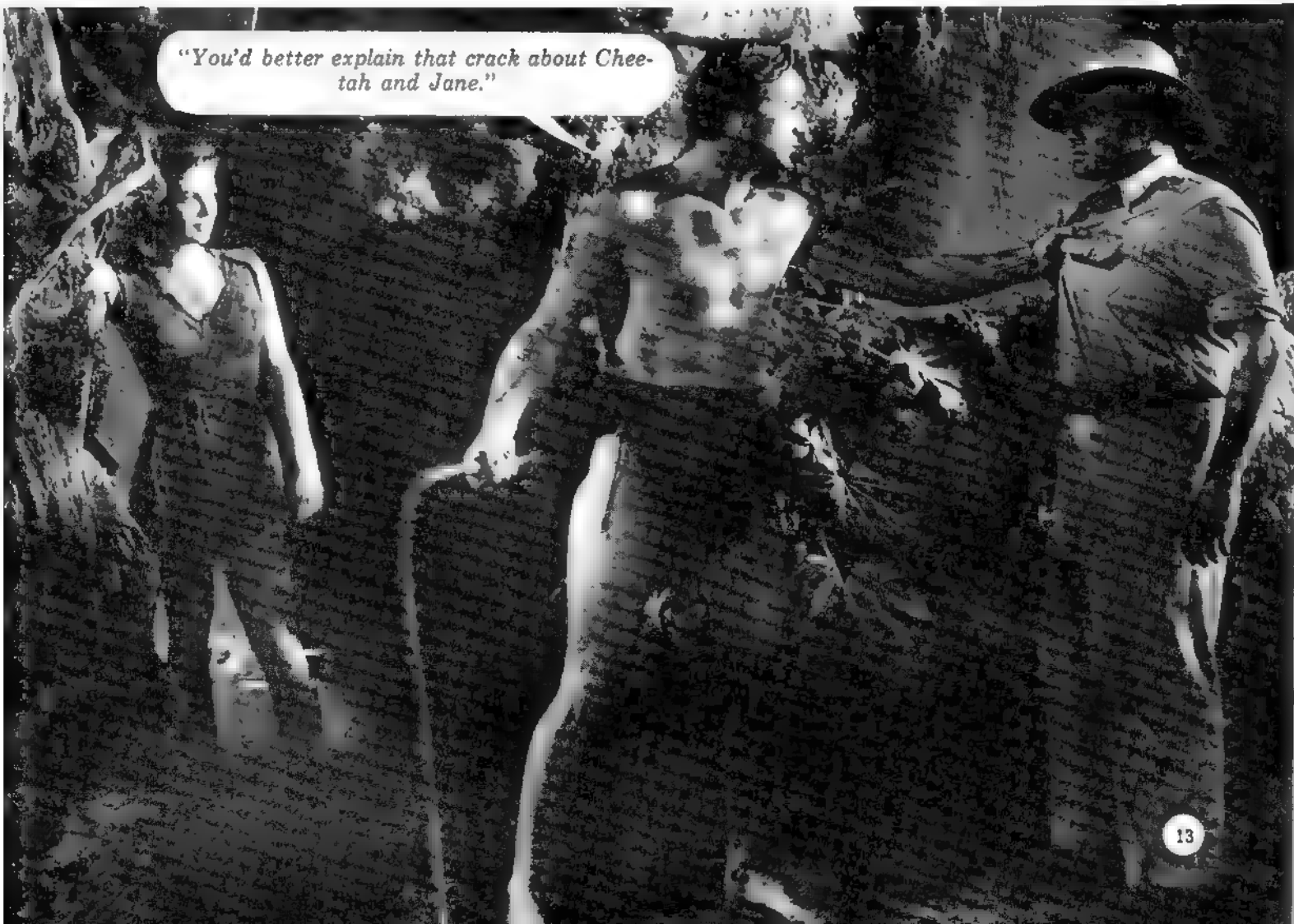
* * *

There was a magician in Europe who could perform the greatest act in the world. He could make people disappear—really disappear for good. He was the toast of Europe until he made one fatal mistake. He did his act at the Palace of Versailles in the Hall of Mirrors. He hasn't been seen since . . .

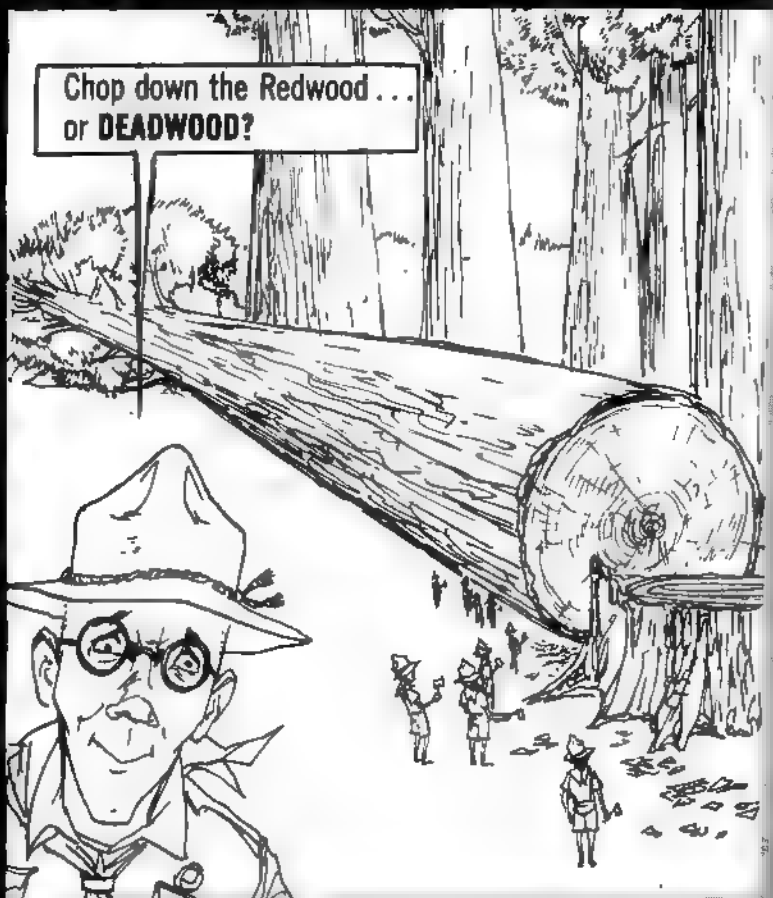
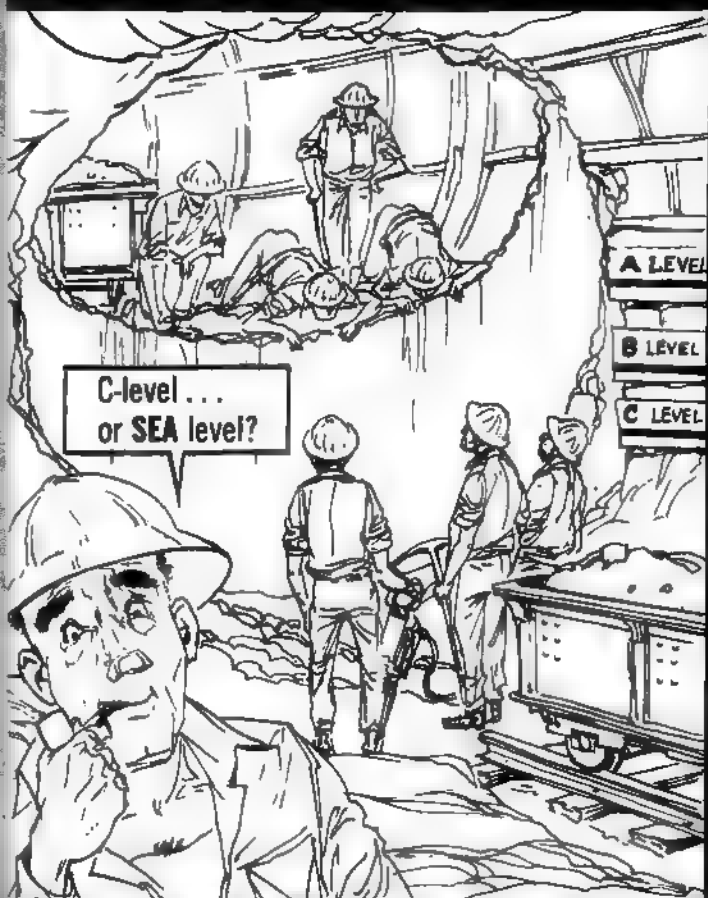
* * *

At Brighton — Britain's Coney Island — a tent show advertised a 70-year-old man would jump from a 150-foot diving board. Over 1,000 people paid \$2.50 a head to see the unbelievable feat. Sure enough, after the crowd got settled, an old man came out in a bathing suit with a towel over his shoulders and mounted the stage. He turned to the audience and spoke: "I am more interested in seeing you than you are in seeing me. I want to see what kind of human beings would pay money to see an old man jump to almost certain death." He spoke for twenty minutes, berating the audience. Some turned away in shame, others wept. Finally, the old man said, "Before I make my dive, let me ask . . . how many of you still want to see me do it?" No one said a word. The old man sighed, "Good. Next show, 1:30."

"You'd better explain that crack about Cheeta and Jane."



SICKLY GRINS



MONSTER movies are very big today. They are top box office attractions. They have them now where the audience decides how the picture should end or if they want to stay until it does. One of the best of the recent crop of monster movies is a film released by Warner Brothers, "THE MASK," a Beaver-Champion production, directed and produced by Julian Roffman.

During certain portions of this film the audience is instructed to put on a mask so they can see the three-dimensional action. Theatergoers are warned not to wear the mask home, or "you'll walk into a building—in fact, you might walk through a building."


SICK decided it should write its own monster movie since that's where the money is and there is no money in what we're currently doing. The stills on the following pages are from the Warner's film, "THE MASK." So, here is—

OUR OWN MONSTER MOVIE

THE CREATURE FROM VIC TANNY'S

The film begins on a happy note with a brief talk on the evils of Bubonic plague spoken by Dr. Paublo Savitt. Dr. Savitt is a famous authority on the plague—he has it.

Recently, Dr. Savitt, as his friends call him, conducted a study of the effects of smoking as a cause of Bubonic plague for Galem cigarettes. His report concluded that tobacco wasn't dangerous to smokers. It was those long walks in the woods with pretty girls that were causing all the trouble. You know how trees can spread disease. Dr. Savitt delivered a lecture on his findings to the tobacco industries convention, but couldn't complete his lecture as he was the victim of a coughing fit.



You can smoke all the cigarettes you want—so long as you don't light them.

You've been eating fish again.

The doctor goes on to discuss his last patient who habitually took long walks in the great outdoors until he was down to just skin and bones and finally, and tragically, down to just bones and bones. The doctor explains that fresh air and sunshine are dangerous. They create an abundance of good health which gives a person

a false sense of security and causes him to stop eating properly.

The doctor tells of one patient, Vic Gruber, who had an overdose of fresh air and sunshine and was as healthy as a horse. Unfortunately, while hiking, Gruber broke a leg and the doctor was forced to shoot him.

After the doctor's lengthy introduction which got us only four laughs (well, three we're sure of), the scene of our film shifts to the stage of the Radio City Music Hall where the Rockettes are enacting Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in pantomime . . . on ice . . . wearing roller skates. Which isn't the easiest thing in the world to do if fifty-six girls do it all in step. This is no problem to the Rockettes—they don't do it in step.

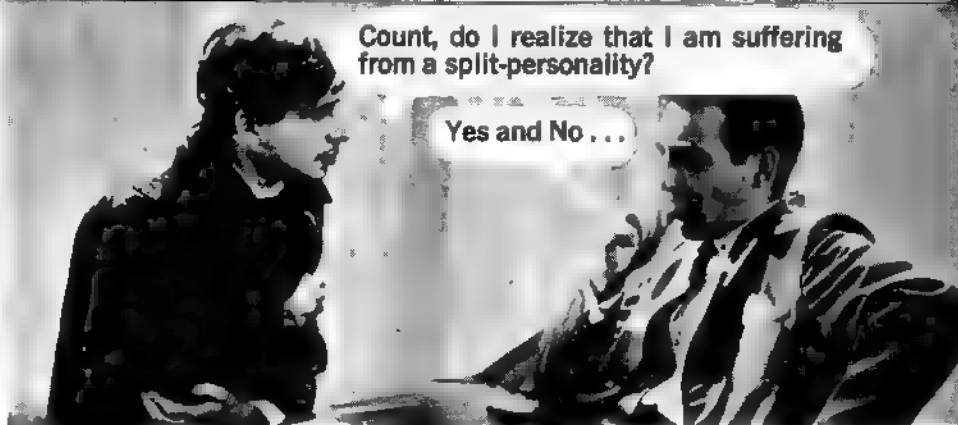
Next, our adventure will take us across the seas, so we'll need a boat. Figures? We consult ship builder, U.S.S. Keel. Keel is the famous designer of the Titanic, the ship they said couldn't sink. Until this day, Keel insists the Titanic didn't sink—"It's under water, but it's still afloat." We try to break the ice with Keel by telling him our plan—a bridge across the Pacific Ocean to increase trade with Japan and China. "But we're already trading with these countries," Keel protests. "Yes, but not by truck," we counter. An argument no one can debate—not even Keel.

Have you ever had the feeling that you're right and fifty-five other girls are out of step?

Do you know how to make a Spanish galleon?

Yes, it takes four quarts of Tequila.

Next, our quest takes us to psychiatrist, Count Leonard Elegant. We tell the Count of our search for the Maltese Falcon, the Dasher Doubloon, and the all-water route to the far east. When he hears our plan, the Count appears angry so we don't mention the bridge, because we know he'll be cross at the bridge when we come to it.



Count, do I realize that I am suffering from a split-personality?

Yes and No . . .



The eyes of the head are pure rubies. They appear blue because of the contact lenses.

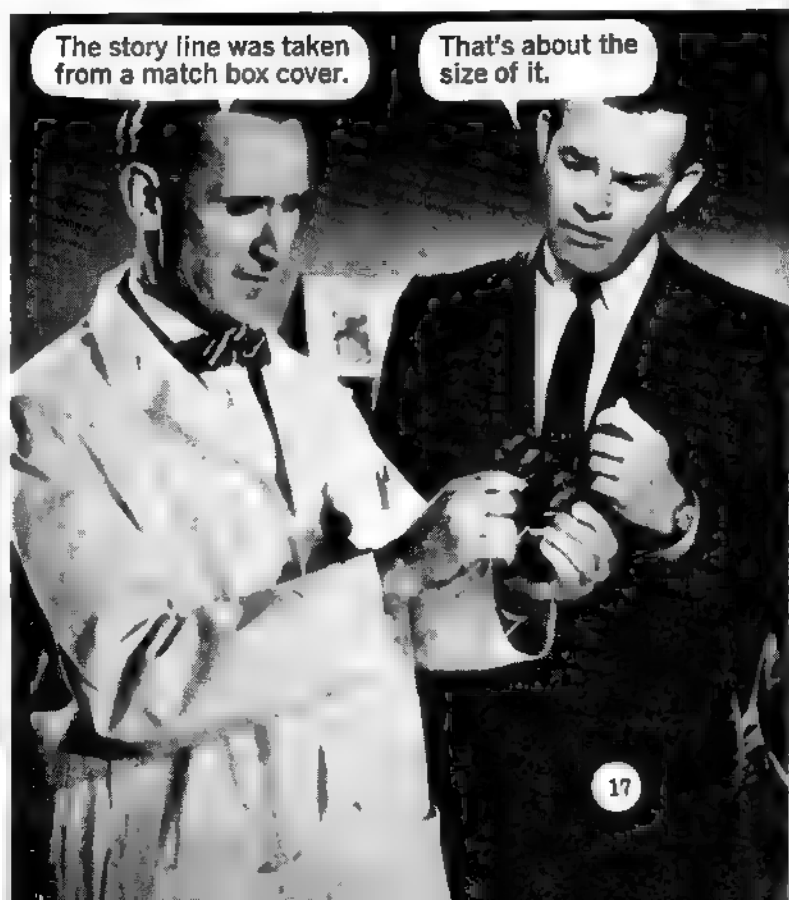
The Count suggests we meet geologist Sid "Rocky" Rosenberg who has uncovered a prehistoric head with clear-cut features that is over 40,000 years old. That's the prehistoric head on the pedestal. The doctor's head, though it has clear-cut features too, is only forty-three years old. Rosenberg tells a class at the Museum of Unnatural History that a geologist dug for thirty-six years in Egypt for this head. He never found it, but when he was through, he had dug the Suez Canal. The reason this geologist didn't discover the head in Egypt is because the head was buried in Central America. It would have taken a lot of digging in Egypt before he came upon it. The head was uncovered by George Washington Goethals in Panama, and he wasn't even looking for it. He was searching for the Nile at the time.

Meanwhile, back at Radio City Music Hall, the Christmas pageant has just ended with a medley of Stephen Foster tunes closing with "Hand in Hand." An interesting footnote to our movie is that Stephen Foster, always in ill health, died of bubonic plague, tuberculosis, beri-beri, malnutrition, overweight, and alcoholism. The attending physician, who attended Foster for the last 31 years of his life, listed his death due to "natural causes," figuring there was nothing more natural than a man that sick to die.

We want to thank the U.S. Land Development and Reclamation Department for their help in making this film possible. It was their job to find the plot of the picture.

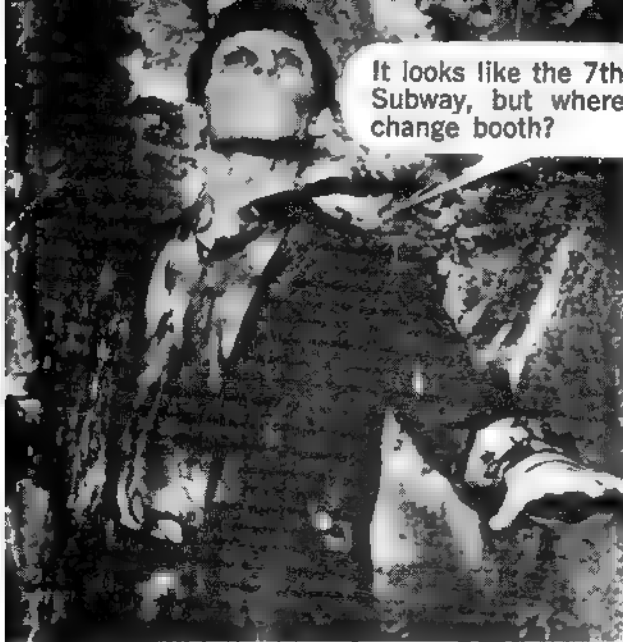


Are you trapped with a sticky deodorant?



The story line was taken from a match box cover.

That's about the size of it.



It looks like the 7th Avenue Subway, but where is the change booth?



We also want to thank our director, "Giggles" Genalo, whose clear insight into the story and perception of the deeper values of the characters made him an inspiration to the entire cast. His tragic disappearance on the set during the first day of shooting was sorely felt by all. We sincerely hope Genalo finds his way out of the abandoned mine shaft in time to attend the premiere.

Thanks too go to our script girl, Betty Jo Hooker, for the way she dealt with the needs of the cast. Our best wishes go with her on her next movie assignment, "1,000 Men and A Girl!", a film that will surely test Betty Jo's talents.

Finally, thanks to the men of the New York City Transit Authority for their tireless efforts to locate our director and free him from a living nightmare—the New York subway system, where he has been a prisoner for the past 18 weeks.



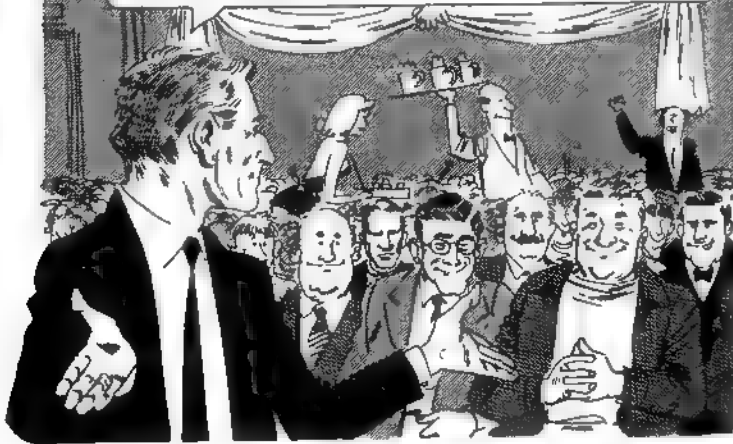
I've got to get out of here—I don't mind the darkness and the cold . . . but the pushing and shoving of the crowds is driving me nuts!

CRIME is the number one menace facing the United States today. Sex is the number two menace and sex crimes are third. The police have employed modern police methods, but criminals are combating this. For instance, when law enforcement agencies began wire tapping, mobsters stopped sending wires. Lately, Criminals have used a member of the profession called

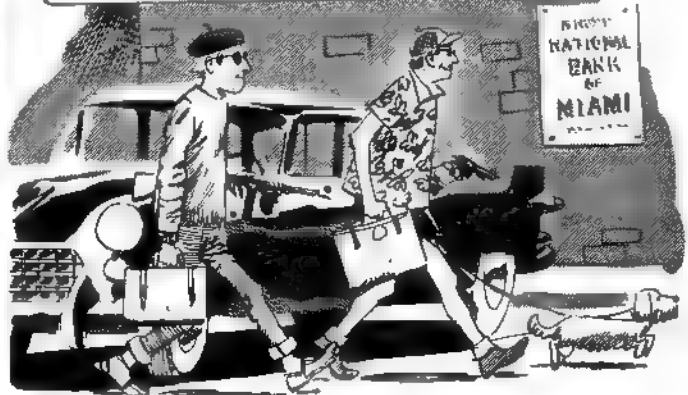
"The Teach," an expert in one phase of criminology, to instruct members of gangland in the specialties of their trade. One such "Teach," is Gino Manicotti, known as the DiMaggio of Bank Robbers. Here is Gino delivering one of his instructive lectures "How to Rob a Bank" before the graduating class at the West Side Bar ...

"THE TEACH"

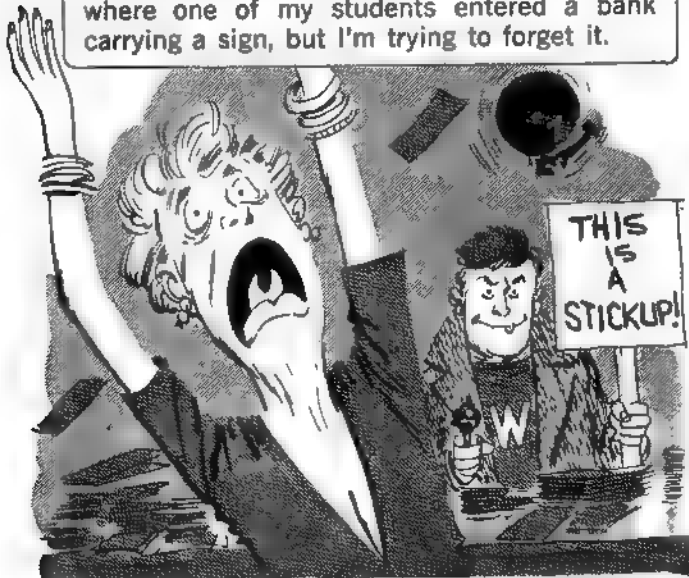
Boys, I don't have to tell you, there's a lot of money in banks. Interest in bank robberies has increased by 3¾%. But a lot of amateurs have entered the field. That's what killed the medical profession.



When do you rob the bank? Banks are seldom robbed at night any more. This is principally because banks are closed at night. Your dress is important. Informal clothing is best. Masks are never to be worn. That's what killed the medical profession.



I had a case where a student entered a bank in a polo shirt, sneakers, and blue jeans. He was also wearing a surgical mask. He was immediately apprehended. He might just as well have been carrying a sign. I had a case where one of my students entered a bank carrying a sign, but I'm trying to forget it.



Today, banks have hidden cameras that take pictures of you. One hood robbed twenty banks last year, his picture is playing all over town. One simple way to combat this situation — plastic surgery. I know a doctor who can do the job for you ... He doesn't have a license — on his last job he covered up a guy's nose. That didn't do the medical profession any good. The patient wasn't too overjoyed about it, either.



One of the most important aspects of bank robbing is the note you hand to the teller. This note should be short, to the point, informative, and threatening. Here's a note written by student Gottlieb. It reads "Dear Sir or Madam:" Gottlieb, your note doesn't have to be that formal—you're not trying to make a pen pal. Let's go on, "Hand over the money or I'll blow your brains out!"



What's wrong with Gottlieb's note. That's right—it's too abrupt. You haven't identified yourself. You must state the nature of your business. The proper note should read; "This is a holdup." Then state the reason for your visit; "I want your money." And finally, your threat; "If you don't hand it over, I'll blow your brains out." No, Gottlieb, I don't think you should sign the note. I don't think the teller is going to write to you after the holdup.

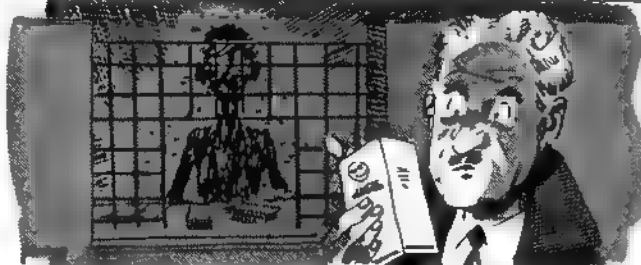


Now, I'd like to mention several mistakes past students have made. I think they might help you. Hoffmeyer took an alarm clock into a bank. His note read: "My name is Robert Hoffmeyer, I'm 35, five feet nine inches tall, weight 185 pounds, blue eyes and brown hair. This is a holdup." Now, Hoffmeyer's note told too much. He told the teller he was carrying a bomb. Just then the alarm clock went off and Hoffmeyer escaped. Police quickly apprehended him from the complete description included in his note.



Now, Gottlieb, what would you do if the alarm went off? Get out of bed...

Another student, Al Feldstein, robbed a bank carrying a container of orange juice. His note said the container was filled with acid and demanded money. The teller thought he was bluffing, Feldstein threw the orange juice all over the teller. You should see what it did to his suit—burned right through to the skin. Feldstein didn't get any money, but after that he never drank another drop of orange juice.



Next thing you must learn is taking the money. When the teller gives you the dough, don't count it in the bank. In robbing a bank, speed is essential. The record for the fastest bank robbery was set in a Swiss bank. But speed records are always being set in Switzerland—that's because the air is thinner there.

One of my students got caught because he made the teller stack the money in piles of tens and twenties. Right now, that student is making small piles out of big ones for the State.



National Geographic has sent its staff to remote parts of the world to acquaint its readers with the customs and manner of life of primitive tribes in such exotic places as Boise, Idaho; Fargo, North Dakota; and Woodbury, Long Island. National Geographic readers have thrilled to intimate photographs of scantily clad tribal people, on the covers of their favorite magazine. You don't have to go far to see these people—just take a trip to the editorial offices of National Geographic. There you will see bare-chested natives using their primitive tools to put out one of America's leading magazines. It is almost as big a shock as seeing the midgets they've got over at Readers' Digest. But we didn't come here to talk about Readers' Digest because we don't have anything funny on Readers' Digest. Maybe, after you read the following article, you'll say we don't have anything funny on...

THE NATURAL GEOGPHSICK MAGAZINE

Exploring the MAU MAU Country:.... 22

Recently, (late last night) the leader of the Mau Maus was released from prison in Kenya. There is surprisingly little known about the Mau Maus. They have been the victims of a very bad press.

Mau Maus are feared by many people. Natural Geogphsick believes that knowledge conquers fear. As FDR once said, "The only thing we have to fear is poor teaching on the elementary level." His words are as true today as they were a week ago. Or even a month ago... Well, that was a bad month.

But everyone knows you will fear a thing less once you get to know it personally. Try this philosophy sometime. Get acquainted with a boa constrictor. Boa constrictors, as a group, are fun, if you don't get wrapped up in one of them... But, we didn't come here to talk about deadly snakes—we came here to speak about Mau Maus... Maybe that's the same thing...



This month, Natural Geographick explores the land of the Mau Mau. Understanding the Mau Mau is half the battle. The other half is getting rid of them . . .

The name *Mau Mau* is derived from the native words *Mau* meaning *savage* and *Mau* meaning *bad*, thus *Mau Mau* or terrorists . . . Like any group of people there is good and bad among the *Mau Mau*. You can readily tell a good one at sight—he will be lying flat on his back and he will have stopped breathing . . .



These good *Mau Maus* can be trusted and, with time, civilized.

Their national flag is very picturesque. It is a unique design of black-on-black. Native living conditions are very poor with whole families cramped into one split-level hut. In Uganda on the East Side, conditions are slightly better with elevated huts and doormen. The *Mau Maus* have no modern conveniences. They know practically nothing of television—getting only Channel 11.



The tribal dress for the men is loin cloth shirts and pants, both loose-fitting. Tribal dress for the women is composed of loin cloth shirts and pants, also loose-fitting. You might think it would be hard to tell the women of the tribes from the men. It isn't.



The *Mau Maus* are a highly superstitious people. In a jar found in every home is the salt of their gods. This jar of salt wards off evil spirits, protects the home against famine and pestilence and is simply wonderful on steaks and chops.

There is no prejudice among the tribes—only between the people.

As for transportation, most natives travel on foot, in dugout canoes, or by swinging on vines or on the backs of beasts of burden. Of course, this is only in the cities. In the jungles they have underground subways.

The climate in *Mau Mau* land is inclement, especially during the rainy season. The rainy months are January and December. The rain starts in January and stops in December. With the constant rains you can imagine, this country is an ideal spot to drive a cab . . . Unfortunately, there are no roads in *Mau Mau* country . . . They do have a great many cabs, however.

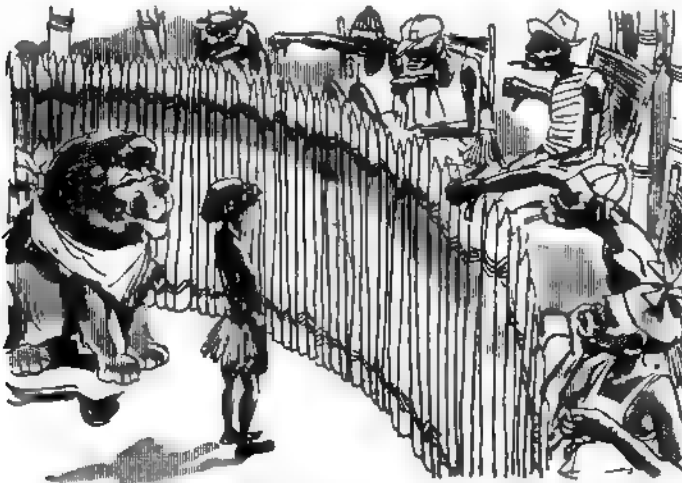




The Mau Mau are advanced in medicine. Recently, a Mau Mau witch doctor cured a patient of chronic sleeping sickness with a primitive surgical instrument he called an alarm clock. Last year, the Mau Maus discovered a wonder drug to prevent Sleeping Sickness called Do-Doz...



Mau Mau surgeons are very conscious of germs while performing an operation. They have to be conscious of them, they're surrounded by them. The surgeons always wash their instruments before an operation. A problem arises in that they wash their instruments in water infested with germs. Luckily, Mau Mau surgeons never wash their *hands* before an operation.



The Mau Mau people have an excellent approach to juvenile delinquency. When a youth reaches the age of twelve he is immediately put to death by a Board of his Elders, composed of six fourteen-year-olds. Consequently, juvenile delinquency is almost nonexistent.



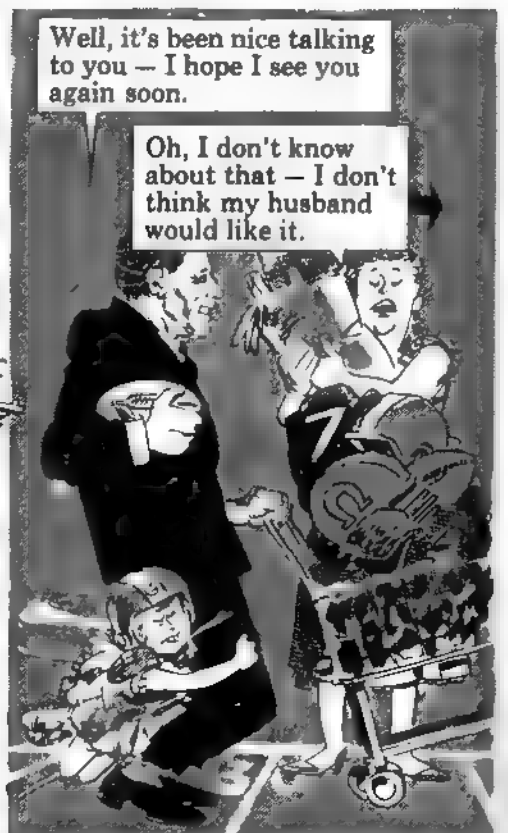
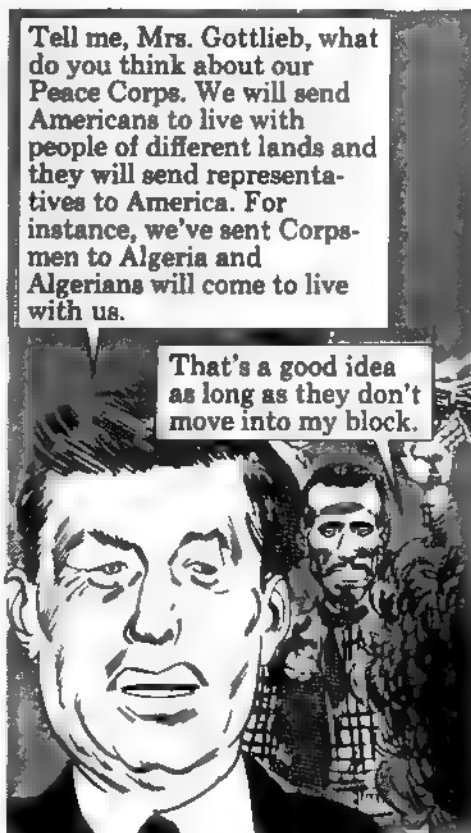
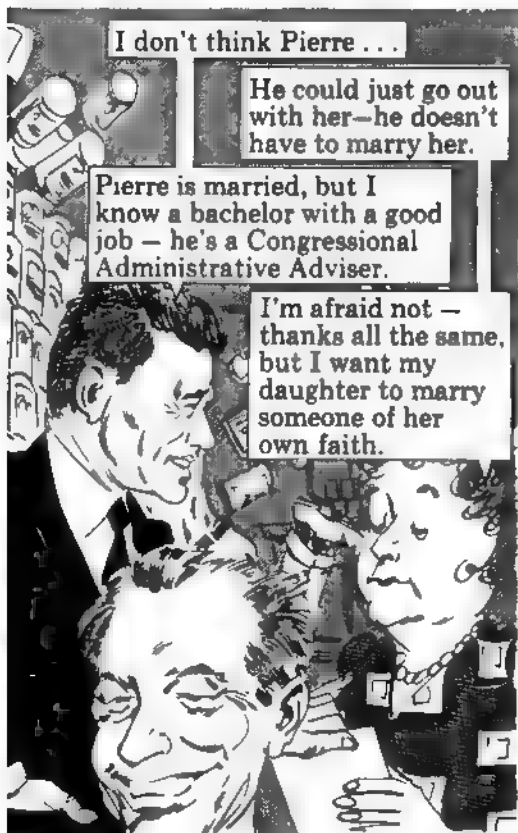
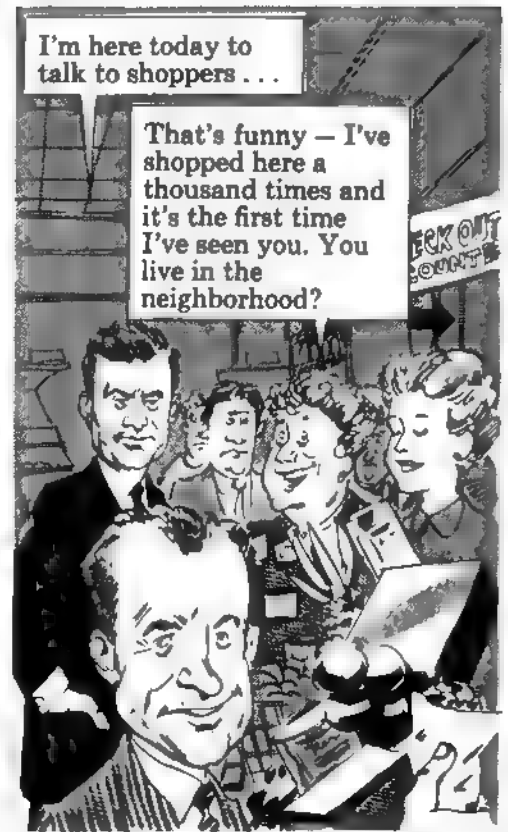
Native sports are plentiful among the tribes. Arson, homicide, fratricide and mayhem flourish. And these are only their spectator sports. Without question the most popular sport among the Mau Mau is Adolph Menjou.

The Mau Mau marriage ceremony is simple. Both the man and woman must fast for six months prior to the ceremony during which time they are allowed to eat nothing but food and liquids. Then they must walk on a bed of hot coals six miles long, hang by their thumbs for two hours, and finally they are fastened together for thirty days and thirty nights submerged in boiling water. The only way a Mau Mau marriage can be dissolved is by a Mexican divorce.

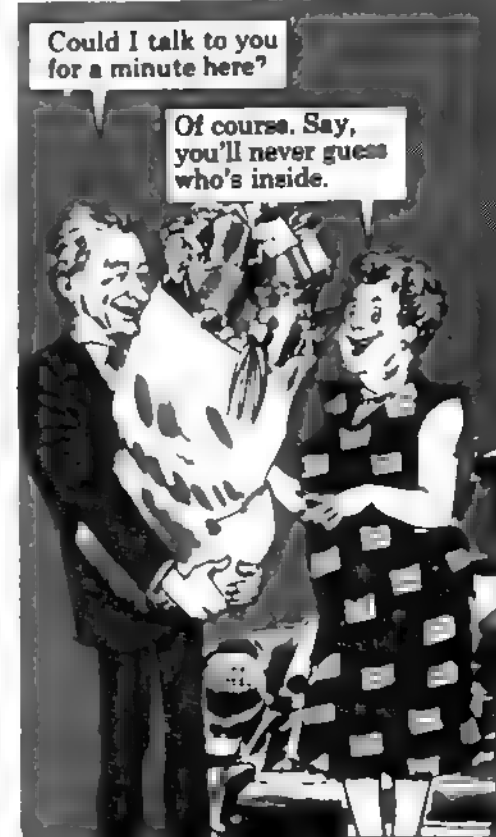
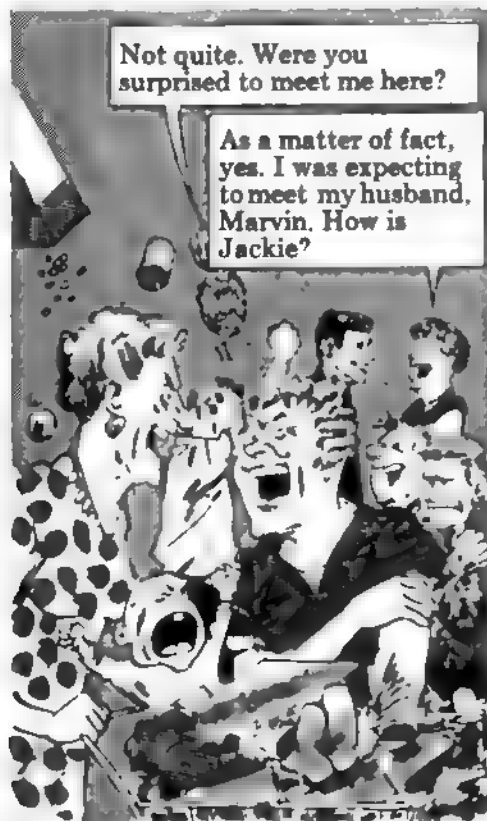
Last month the Mau Mau leader, Max Leader, was released from prison. There is a legend on how he became their leader. This legend states that in 1928 a giant white eagle came out of the sky down to earth in Ugandi Province. The lone survivor of the crash of that giant white eagle was a small sobbing infant who was brought up in the jungle by wild animals. Today the Mau Mau believe that their leader was that giant white eagle...



JFK at the A & P



Political candidates in search of votes have long followed the maxim – "Go out and meet the voters." In recent years, Governor Rockefeller has eaten hot dogs at Coney Island and Richard Nixon has eaten hero sandwiches in San Francisco. If the trend continues in 1964, you never know who you might meet at the A&P.



THE CLASSICS

Connie here: Mr. Khrushchev, what exactly makes a man a Communist?

FEAR.

Everlys here: Mr. Khrushchev, what have you learned from your relationship with Fidel Castro?

Well, of course, Castro is a great leader of Cuban movement, and I've learned a great deal from him like (RUSSIAN) cha, cha, cha—cha, cha, cha.

Peggy here: Mr. Khrushchev, if you were President Kennedy what would be the first thing you would do?

The first thing I would do would be to get rid of my New England accent. Because it's very important to be understood by the masses.

In our December, 1961 issue, we published the banned text of the SICKniks' controversial best-selling record, "Presidential Press Conference," a single from the album, "SICK #2." Fans and critics alike will never forget the star of that record, a comparative unknown in the recording field at the time—John F. Kennedy—as played by mimic Sandy Baron to the tune of a hundred thousand records sold.

Half crazed by the beat, beat, beat of the cash register and spurred on by hundreds of threatening letters, we would be stupid not to try another one. We would do it the same way—you don't fool around with a successful formula... It had to be another press conference with the talented SICKniks once again swinging interviews

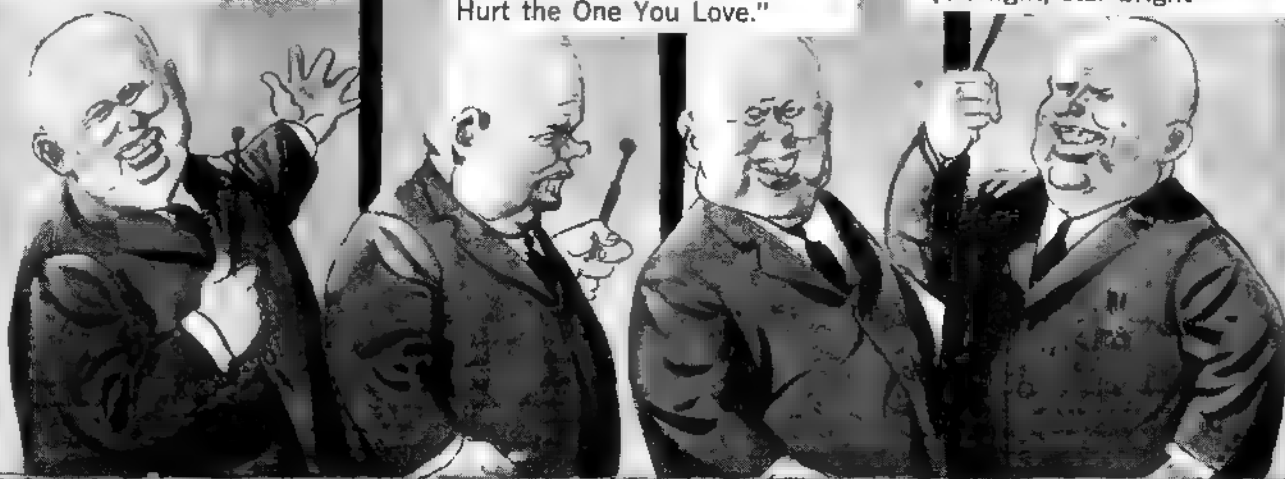
Wadja Sa

Shannon here: HEY! Mr. Khushchev, was Joseph Stalin, a friend of yours?

Yes, Joseph Stalin was a close, warm, personal friend of mine. But of course you must remember the old song, "You Always Hurt the One You Love."

Highwaymen here: Mr. Khrushchev, what did you say when you searched the heavens looking for the first Sputnik.

I said: "(Russian dialect)".
But what does that mean, sir?
"Star light, star bright—"



to the beat of hit songs of the respective recording stars they were imitating.

But who would play the lead this time? J.F.K. was having back trouble again and was too busy exercising. Dick Nixon? Nobody outside of California remembered him. Castro mumbles. Adenauer is on the way out and besides he is a baritone.

Who was left? Khrushchev? A possibility but he had several drawbacks; he wasn't funny any more. We could overcome that—we'd give him some good lines; did they have press conferences in Russia? Of course, only Khrushchev supplied both the questions and answers. But who knew that besides us and Jack Paar.

We give you now, the text from our second hit record...

y, Mr. K?

Welk here: A one and a two—Mr. Khrushchev, who are your favorite American entertainers?

When it comes to American entertainers, the names that stick in my mind are Red Buttons, the Marx Brothers, and my favorite of course, the Lenin Sisters.

Connie here: Mr. Khrushchev, have you seen Exodus?

Not yet, but I get reports every day. Of course, you're talking of East Berlin?

Sinatra here: Mr. Khrushchev, do you have a ring-a-ding-ding juvenile delinquency problem in Russia?

Yes, we have a gang of teenagers who just run around Moscow with tight pants, black leather jackets and sideburns, on motorcycles... and the boys are even worse.

U.S. Bonds here: Mr. Khrushchev, who is responsible for the rising cost of vodka in Russia?

The little old vodka-maker—me.

Duane here: Mr. Khrushchev, do you show American westerns in Russia?

Yes, we show American westerns in Russia but when we show them we must change them to suit the tastes of our people.

How do you do that?

When we show them, the Indians win.

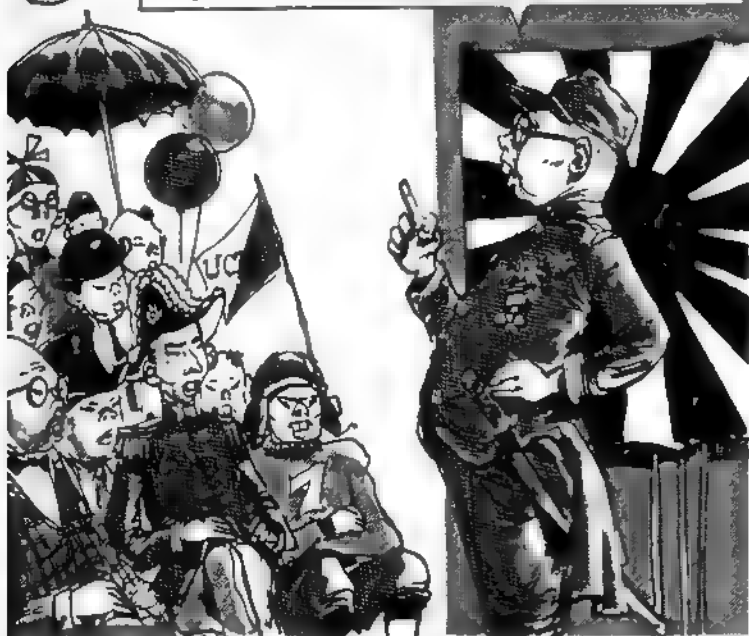


LEFTOVER BATTLE SPEECHES

The time is December 6, 1941. The place, headquarters of the Japanese High Command. Emperor Hirohito is addressing his Naval and Army Chiefs of Staff.

On December 7, 1941 — that's tomorrow — Japanese Naval forces will attack Pearl Harbor. Yes, Commander Hojo. You have a question? Who is Pearl Harbor? Pearl Harbor is American Naval Base at Hawaii. Remember that name, Hojo — Pearl Harbor. I want all of you to REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR.

Our planes will fly over Pearl Harbor and attack the Arizona, the Nevada and the Arkansas. Oh, so, Hojo, I see that pleases you. Oh, you always wanted to see Arizona ... Hojo, must you always play the clown? Sometimes I think it was a mistake for you to be educated at a Japanese college. You should have gone to UCLA like the rest of us.



At the time we are making our attack, our envoy, Kuruso will be visiting Cordell Hull in Washington. What's that, Hojo, you think Kuruso should take a bomb with him? You all have your assignments — now any final questions? What is it, Hojo? Do I think this sneak attack will mean war with America?

Let me put it this way, Hojo—I don't think we'll win a peace prize for this.



Today, magazines are highly specialized. There's a publication for nearly every type of reader interest. It seems the latest trend is now being directed at our senior citizens. These new magazines, however, are distributed on a very small scale. What we need is a magazine for old people on a large national scale. This would be written by and for elderly folks and resemble some of our more popular teenage type mags. And so, since we have so many old people around — and especially since we have so much old material around, we now give you our version of...

seventy

February, 1962

SPECIAL ROCKER 'N ROLLER ISSUE

Exclusive!

**101 NEW OPERATIONS
YOU CAN TALK ABOUT**

What's wrong with OLD frontiers?

PLUS ★★★

TOO OLD TO GO STEADY?

WHAT BERNIE BARUCH LIKES IN A GIRL

Things you can do with that gold watch

SUMMER STYLES FOR SENILES

I should worry! as long as I got my health

Buttermilk Baths For Beauty page 21

A son shouldn't call his mother once a week?

Join the Al Schweitzer Fan Club

Full details page 108

What to do until the children come

...and many other ancient articles

★★★

In this issue

**Full-Color section on Grandchildren's Pictures
From Wallets All Over America**

70 cents

Elsa Sackwell



Old MAN

BY GOLLY

Nothing makes an old woman more feminine, more attractive than having

seventy

Published by Tired Publications, Inc.

What's Old?

This is the question explored in this special OLD FRONTIERS issue! After reading it, you will find that no matter how old you are or how poor you are or even how miserable you are, you don't know how well off you are — as long as you got your Social Security!

Cover photograph by an old Brownie Camera

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Prices quoted on editorial pages are open for bargaining.

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Printed under pressure in the U.S.A.



SICK, SICK, SICK

These dag-blasted old codgers who are always sounding off about how terrible the world is just get me sick! It makes me ill, I tell you! But as I always say, nothing really matters—as long as you got your health!

R. X., Veros, Ill.



YOU'RE TOO MUCH

I've been reading your magazine now for over 35 years. I should be finished pretty soon. How come you have so many pages, hah?

T. S., Whoaz, Ms.



ROLLING ALONG

Enjoyed your article on "How To Wheel That Wheelchair Faster." I read it in N. Y. Now I'm in L. A. Thanks heaps.

M. T., Noe, Cal.



PROTEST LETTER

As President of the Judge Crater Fan Club, I protest the unfair treatment given my hero in your last issue! And if he found out about it he would protest, too. He is not the type to run away when the going gets tough.

J. B., Noabs, Ark.

FADED LETTERS

HELP WANTED?

Maybe you can use a good illustrator?

G. Moses, N. Y.

WE GOOFED

What's the matter with you boys? You goofed! You made 15 typographical errors in your last issue. You must be getting young!

A. K., Aintno, Mo.

ANCIENT SWEET

Enjoy your magazine each month better than my Social Security check.

B. S., Ver, Minn.



AIN'T LOVE GRAND, FATHER?

Read your article on that 87-year-old rascal from Cincinnati who ran off with a 14-year-old gal. I think that's disgusting! I know the gal probably has a crush on him—but what does he see in her?

J. B., Oola, La.



THE EYES HAVE IT

I've been a fan of your magazine for the past 40 years now but I haven't been able to read it in all that time. My dangd wife misplaced my bifocals!

Q. T., Fiven, Tenn.

ALL THAT JAZZ

Why not an article on my favorite he-man, Casey Stengle? Though he's 75, believe me, he doesn't look a day over 74.

B. V. D., Patchan, Ga.

Dressing Table

Talks

*Gathered just for old folks:
the newest tips in fashion*

FALSE TEETH that glisten in the dark, that's this snowy-white capped item at prices you can't afford to pass up even if you have your own teeth. Be the envy of the old folk's home every time you open your mouth. Travel with the upper set as you leave the lower set home in a glass of water. In ready-to-wear sizes to fit any mouth. Only \$19.95 complete with caps.



HI-FI HEARING AID that gives you stereophonic sound, this electronic wonder can be attached to any ear, whether deaf or not. Besides making you hear better, it keeps dirt from entering your ear. Comes singly or in matching set. Now you too can hear what the children are saying about you behind your back. Only \$15.95* (without batteries).

HEAVY WOOLLEN GALOSHES for that slushy winter weather walking from one married child's house to another. It also comes in handy as a weapon to use if one of the children insists you leave earlier than you had planned. Only \$1.50* (for one).



*Add Old Age Tax

AT THE MOVIE

Life Begins at 90 with the Adventures of Methuselah and the Old Man And The She

BY HENRY MILLER, 83
(but doesn't look a day over 82)



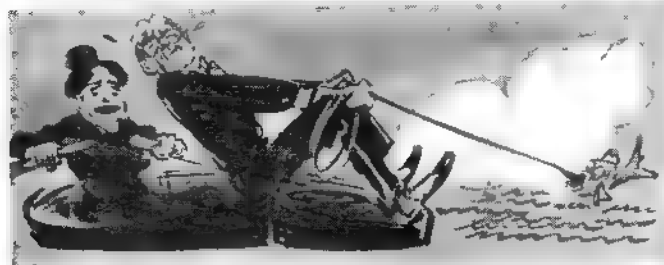
Albert Schweitzer and Jessica Dragonette

LIFE BEGINS AT 90 is a rollicking, frolicking comedy which shows that life really begins when you're 90. Only trouble is, it sometimes ends when you're 91. Maria Ouspenskaya gives a scintillating performance in the role of a stenographer from the Bronx, torn between her love for a suave shipping clerk and her desire to swim the English Channel. Loads of laughs. Not recommended for people with weak kidneys.



Randy Churchill and Fay Wray

THE ADVENTURES OF METHUSELAH lashes across the screen in a blaze of unleashed fury, telling the story of the oldest hero of all time—the 900 year old giant who tamed an empire. Feared by men, adored by women, he was invincible! Randy Churchill, in his first starring role, heads the cast of billions. Pithecanthropus Erectus is especially good in the part of an ape-like old fossil.



Bernard Baruch and Gale Sondergaard

OLD MAN AND THE SHE is the thrilling saga of an old man's tempestuous relationship with a neurotic young shark somewhere off the coast of Nova Scotia. Tender Spracy is unforgettable as the old man while Jennie Barricuda gives the performance of the year as a coldfish. You must wheel her out for this one. Better than looking at a picture of the Gibson Girl.



THE OLD DOCTORS

Screenplay by Vera Senile

Directed by Octo Generian

Directed by Aging Fast

A Rigor Mortis release in daring Enemascope

Distributed by 17th Century Fox

From the men who gave you **The Old Lions**, **Pepper Old's Family** and **The Old In Heart**, now comes one of the oldest, most gripping stories of our time—a story that asks the question, "can a middle-aged interne with 6 months to live find happiness in the arms of an elderly nurse suffering from the 7-year itch?" Told in blunt, frank terms, this picture is so grim and so sordid that a funeral scene is used in the middle for comedy relief!



C. Aubrey Smith and Dame May Whitty are magnificent as the romantic young lovers.



Hilarious sick jokes are exchanged when patient is being given surgery.



Great dramatic scene comes at end when patient is being given bill for surgery.

REVIEWED BY HENRY MILLER
(Henry Miller reviewed by U.S. Post Office)

Old Agers are listening to



RECORD
ANCIENT
REVIEWS

• **HASBROUK HEIGHTS OLD AGE HOME CHAMBER SOCIETY SELECTIONS** is the title of this new Decadence Record. It offers choice viola solos, an excellent bassoon sonata, and some fine fluegelhorn playing. A must for the serious music lover. (\$8.95)*

• **DAVID BEN-GURION SINGS**, a brand-new release by Eh Records (\$1.98 wholesale) is a gay romp through early Israeli folk songs. Accompanied by Golda Meir on the ukelele.

• **THE CIVIL WAR** complete with the original cast and recorded on the spot for Blue-Grey Records brings us all the glamour and excitement that took place during this colorful show. (\$18.65 complete)*



• **AN EVENING WITH HERBERT HOOVER** offers a medley of 1929 Show-stoppers, some fine impressions of political figures, and a harmonica solo on "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" A must for the sentimental. (Nerve) (\$7.50)

• **MUSIC TO SOFTEN THE ARTERIES BY**, an Aorta release (\$98.6) brings together the talented trio of Al Schweitzer on organ, Harry Truman on piano, and Alf Landon on soap box.

• **WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE** is the title of this new Souvenir album sung by Jessica Dragonette and played by Liberace. \$1.95 with picture of Liberace. \$2.95 without.

• **LAWRENCE WELK BLOWS HOT MILK BUBBLES** is a new album by Senile (\$3.50) especially for the old, old folks.*

• **BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN** is one of the many beautiful songs Harry Truman plays on his last piano album, Margaret's Father Swings. (Missouri, \$6.95)

• **BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR TALKING ABOUT OPERATIONS**, (Serugram, \$5.93) is rapidly becoming a collector's item among old folks everywhere.*

• **AN ALBUM OF SILENCE FOR PEOPLE WITH BROKEN HEARING AIDS** is this new Bad Taste release (\$2.95). It is also a must for those who can't stand all these other records.*

*These albums are available with attachments for hearing aids.

"I can make you a new man in just 30 days,"

says **CHARLES FATLAS**
World's most perfectly developed old man

"if you're a woman
it'll take a little longer!"



before

after

If you're a weak old codger, I can turn you into a strong old codger in only 30 days.

I myself used to be a 97 year old weakling. Today I'm a 107 year old weakling. And I can do the same for you!

CLIP THIS COUPON

Charles Fatlas
Box 802
Atlantis

Quick! Before I go, send me your free book!

Name

Address

Next of Kin

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU



TO TAKE HIS PLACE ON THIS POSTER

Yes, Uncle Sam is getting too old and too tired to keep posing for these modern enlistment posters. New blood is desperately needed. If you still have your blood apply now as a model to take his place.

See your nearest recruiting office today.

OL' SHOP WISE

For The Old Man Who Had Everything

FUR-LINED SPATS for the sophisticated senile are a must for that new Fall wardrobe. These delightful foot warmers give you that rich, elegant look—just the thing to make people think how nice your children are supporting you. \$3 a piece.



THE NEW PLAYFLEX TRUSS is a wonderful rapture for that irritating rupture. If you want the warmness of wool next to your skin, this tightly-knit ensemble is just the thing to give you a new lift. Only \$14.95 with invisible strings.



ALL-WOOL TOUPEE to keep your head warm is both a practical and esthetic item. Also comes in cotton for those summer months. It can be thrown into the washing machine along with your other laundry and dries in a matter of minutes. \$4.95 (curls extra).



FLASHY GOLD CHAIN for that solid golden watch you got after those 50 golden years on the job. Attaches easily to vest, or even bustle (if you want to keep it a secret.) Good exercise can be had in swinging it around. Only \$1.25 a foot.

FLASK OF SERUTAN makes an easy-to-carry accessory that fits snugly into hip pocket. Whenever you feel the need for a swig, just reach in. Presto! It's out! For that pre-dinner nip, there's nothing like it. \$1.50 (Serutan extra.)



All of the items listed above are available at the Mt. Senile Old Age Home, Brooklyn, N. Y. No mail orders can be filled—mainly because our editor's hand shakes.

I BELIEVE

free speech is for everyone ...
even old folks

Old Granny Beezlefort, a 96 year old suburban housewife from Duluth, Minnesota, attributes her long life to just one thing—LUCK! Through her many years of living she has developed a philosophy of life which she now imparts to "youngsters of 70."

"I do believe that living with children is bad—especially if they're strangers. I do believe that you shouldn't bore people by showing pictures of your grandchildren—what you should do is show them your grandchildren."

I do believe that there are other things in life besides money—unfortunately they all cost money.

I do believe that Alf Landon should have won that election—the country could have used the laughs.

I do believe that you shouldn't talk about your operations—instead you should show people your scars.

I do believe that seventh marriages rarely work—but by that time, who cares?

I do believe that people who live in glass houses shouldn't—also it is better to have loved and lost.

I do believe that this is the end of the column—and maybe the end of me!

From an old Ager's Point of View

by Jenny Washout

AGGRAVATION

A son shouldn't call his mother once a week?

One of the most aggravating situations in life is the one in which most mothers find themselves nowadays. This is when a mother makes so many sacrifices in bringing up a son and after he gets married he doesn't call her up at least once a week?

As an aggravated mother myself, I spoke to a famous doctor recently and told him my own son didn't call me in over two weeks. He just stood there dumbfounded! He told me he never heard anything like it in his life!

Another perplexing observation on old-age aggravation is the loose morals among many elderly people of today. Should seniles go steady remains a complex and soul-searching issue. Also this business of kissing on the first date is a highly delicate matter. I suppose that answers to these vital questions will not be found in our lifetime.

Still another aggravating condition is the problem of your health. There is no need to stress here the importance of health to old people. This is mainly because all the other columns in this magazine talk about it so much—it's enough to make you SICK!



New Combinations for Old Constitutions

Choice spreads even an old geezer can make on a one-burner in that small furnished room.



PRUNE JUICE WITH GERITAL: This is especially designed to give you that get up and go feeling. If you've become sluggish and weak, this dish will move you to greater accomplishments.



LUKE-WARM SKIM MILK AND UNSALTED CRACKERS: A delightful snack to have just before going to bed. Its warm, soothing effect will assure you of a completely restful night. This is because after having it you will find yourself laying there unable to even move.



WHEAT GERM WITH HOT BUTTERMILK: An ideal combination that is so easy to prepare a 62 year old child can do it. This dish is just the thing for those with hard, aching bones, as the wet, soggy matter goes right through you.



SERUTAN PUDDING: Spelled backward it's GNIDDUP. This is a special pudding for people over 35. It is so soft you don't even need your teeth to eat it. Made of strained Serutan and Yogurt extract, this exciting combination relieves hunger pains you haven't even got yet.

ZWEBACH AND HOT TEA: This makes another heartwarming combination for old folks. That is to say, your heart will be burning for days afterwards.

Exact recipes for above listed items may be had by sending to this magazine for free booklet entitled: "THE STOMACH DISORDER TO FIT YOU."



I dreamed I scrubbed office floors in my *Agedform Bra*

Now you too can move around with the young ones instead of being pinned down by an old-fashioned iron corset or spread out in a baggy bustle. So pull yourself together and try the new Agedform Bra—

now available for old ladies in X Cup, Y cup or Z Cup.



"Look Son, no cavities!"

Cress toothpaste cleans those false teeth without chipping or breaking them. In this way you'll never find any tiny holes inside. Impress your children that you have no cavities. Mainly show them that you haven't really got a hole in your head!

BRUSH THOSE FALSE TEETH WITH



**"Belch up"
with
Seventy-Up**

**You'll feel good all over
after drinking it down!**



When you're out together playing that tiresome game of gin rummy, there's nothing like 70-Up to freshen you up and bring out that certain something in you!

New York City policemen have been harrassed by pugnacious citizens lately. Hoodlums have been throwing sticks and stones from rooftops at patrolmen (so far, no one has tried calling them names). Mayor Wagner has vowed to make the streets of New York

LONE STRANGER'S

The Scene is Police Headquarters, 35th Precinct, New York City.

Look, Mac, if you play ball with us we'll go easy with you. The arresting officer reports he was cruising through Central Park when he saw a speed of light, a cloud of smoke, fiery hoofs and a hardy Hi Yo, Silver . . . Then, he saw you and this Indian riding on the bridge path . . . What's your name?

The Lone Stranger.

The Indian called you Kimosabi. Why do you dress up this way— do you see other people dressed up in an outfit like yours? I'm surprised you weren't picked up before. Why do you wear that mask?

The mask doesn't mean I'm a criminal. It is merely to hide my identity.

From whom? Would anyone know you without the mask? Do you wear other costumes?

Sometimes I dress up like an old man or an old woman.

Are you putting me on? . . . I noticed you carry silver bullets? Do you believe in werewolves, Kimosabi?

No.

Did you ever see a werewolfe. I mean, when you and your drinking buddy have had a few? Your horse's name is Sliver — we heard you say it to your horse— "Hi Yo, Sliver." What did you mean by that? What does—"Hi Yo" mean?

It's just a term I use to make Sliver go faster.

Ever heard of "Giddyap?" I'm going to let you go this time. We'll have to get your fingerprints and take a mug shot of you. Take that sleep mask off.

My identity must remain a secret.

safe for policemen. The police have retaliated by arresting suspicious-looking characters. Recently, they went too far, picking up a long-time defender of law and order . . . Their interrogation went something like this . . .

ARRAIGNMENT

Desk Sergeant O'Hallaran is questioning a masked man brought in on suspicion.

Old woman—I think we've got another Christine Jorgensen case here... What do you do for a living, sport?

I bring law and order to the old West.



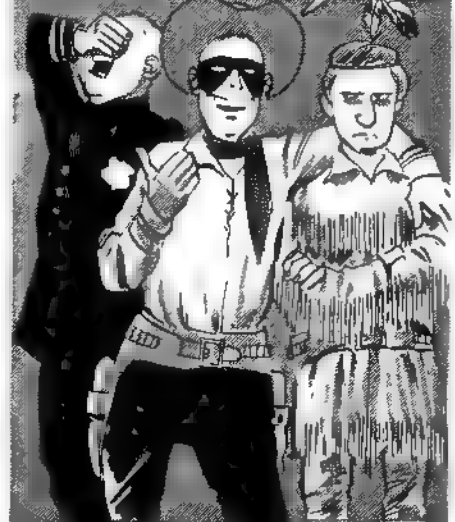
Does that pay well? Where did you get the name Lone Stranger?

There were once nine strangers—

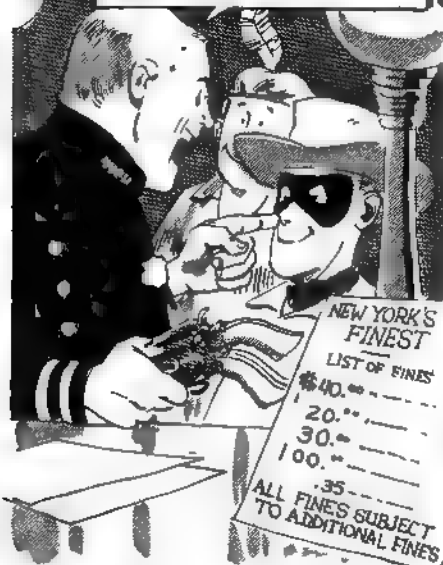


You mean there's more of you?

One by one the Strangers were killed upholding law and order. I'm the last stranger, therefore the name—the Lone Stranger.

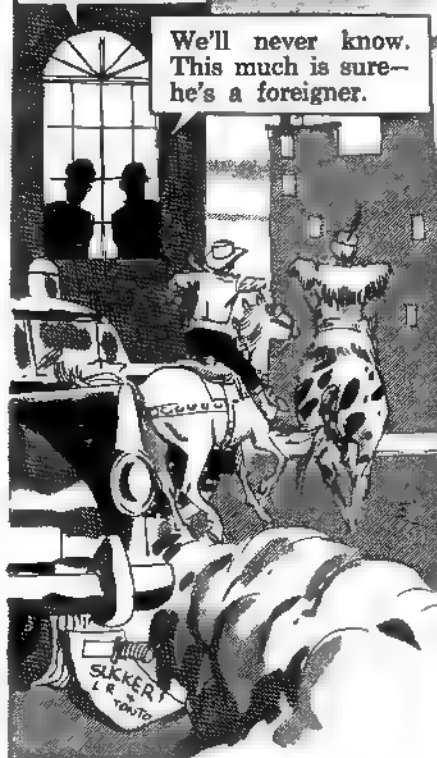


Look at it this way—if we ever have to use a "wanted" picture of you in the post office, it will look ridiculous if you're wearing a mask. All right, if you're camera shy, but stay out of the West Side...



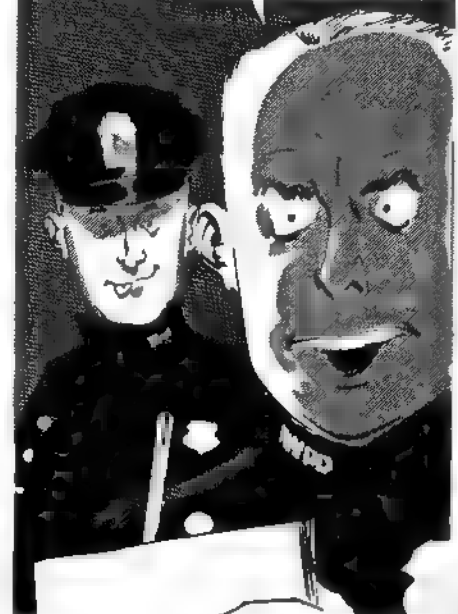
Who was he?

We'll never know. This much is sure—he's a foreigner.



What makes you say that?

From what I heard him say to his horse — "Hi, Yo, Silver — Oy, Vey..."



HEADLINE:

ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON DEGAULLE FAILS

PARIS—A plastic bomb was thrown at Premier DeGaulle's car today, but the bomb failed to explode. The Premier was undisturbed by the attempt saying, "It was just a joke in bad taste." Police suspect the abortive plot was the work of professional assassins.

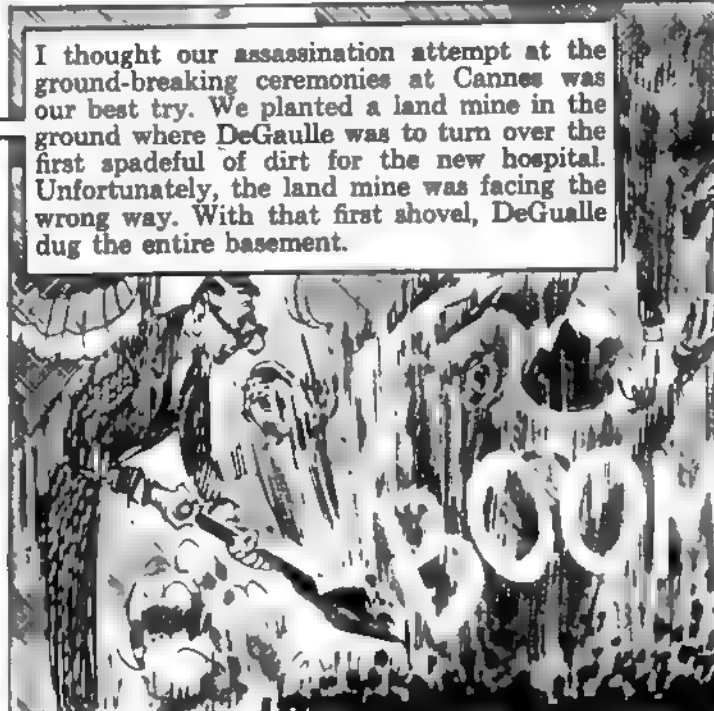


SCENE: Office of Professional Assassins, Inc., Paris Branch

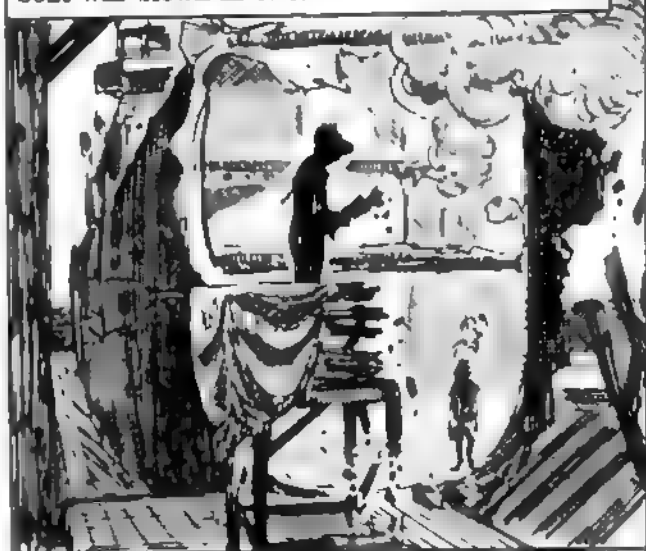
What can we do?
DeGaulle is
impregnable.

We've tried everything.
We sent him a package
of TNT and it blew up
the mailman.

I thought our assassination attempt at the
ground-breaking ceremonies at Cannes was
our best try. We planted a land mine in the
ground where DeGaulle was to turn over the
first spadeful of dirt for the new hospital.
Unfortunately, the land mine was facing the
wrong way. With that first shovel, DeGaulle
dug the entire basement.



The launching of the new luxury liner, the
SSS Luxury Liner, was a masterpiece. We
filled the champagne bottle with nitroglycerin.
When he broke the bottle over the bow, the
boat was blown in two.



DeGaulle miraculously escaped injury except
for minor surgery to have the top of the
champagne bottle removed from his hand.

I've got one more idea ...



SCENE: DeGaulle's office—the Tall Man is speaking with his aides.

Premier, you must be more careful of your life.

Don't be alarmed, First Aide, I can't believe that this man of the people, by the people, and for the people will perish from this earth.

He thinks he's Lincoln.

He'd better stay out of theater boxes.

Premier, a package.

You're new. What happened to the last mailman?

He got lost in his work.

Wine! — Let's drink to my health.

DEGAULLE FILLS AIDES' GLASSES. HE PREPARES TO DRINK TOAST. SECRETARY ENTERS.

Premier, the phone for you.

DEGAULLE PUTS DOWN GLASS WITHOUT DRINKING, AIDES DRINK. HE RETURNS TO FIND ALL FLAT ON THE FLOOR.

All drunk. Can't stand people who don't know how to hold their liquor. I hate to drink alone.

BOOKING AGENT

BROADWAY

SCENE: The Agent's office. A girl enters.

I want to be a smart supper club singer.

How smart are you? I mean are you French?

No.

You've got to be French. Maybe we can fake it. Can you mumble unintelligibly? What's your name?

Priscilla Lou Parsons.

No good - you've got too many names. To work the supper clubs you've got to have one name like Hildegard, Genevieve, Patachou - How about Artichoke?

I can take it or leave it. I have an extensive wardrobe.

Forget it. You'll wear just a simple blouse and skirt.

Nothing underneath?

You are smart. You'll need some French songs. I've got a lyricist in the upper Bronx.

If I sing all my songs in French, how will people know what the song is about?

Before each song, you'll tell the story behind the song.

In English?

No, in French.

Eddie, I want you to meet my latest talent discovery - Marty Goldman. This kid has worked ten years perfecting his act. I feel he's a big talent and ready for the big time. Show him what you can do, Marty.

THEATRE
AGENT

CHOO, CHOO ---
HEEHAW, HEEHAW ...

The kid does all kinds of
sounds - has a great ear. Do
the horse on cobblestone
street, Marty.

CLIPCLOP,
CLIPCLOP.

He's not
very loud.

It's a light horse. Do the
new sound for Eddie, kid.

Terrific! That's an
iron gate swinging on
rusty hinges. What do
you think, Eddie?
Imagine the recording
possibilities, besides
the engagements in the
smarter supper clubs.
He'll wear a simple
shirt and pants,
nothing underneath.

I don't know. Let me ask
around. I can't use him
right now.

But the kid's ready.
Come on, Marty,
we'll try the William
Morris office.

CREEEEEEK! CREEEEEEK!

TWO MORE GENTLEMEN ENTER.

Hi, Eddie, Meet Sid Roman
- a great new talent. He's
worked ten years putting
his act together.

CLIPCLOP, CLIPCLOP
CREEEEK! CREEEEK!

What's that
supposed to be?

A light horse on a
cobble stone street
going through an
iron gate swinging
on rusty hinges.

Let's hear what
you do, Sid.

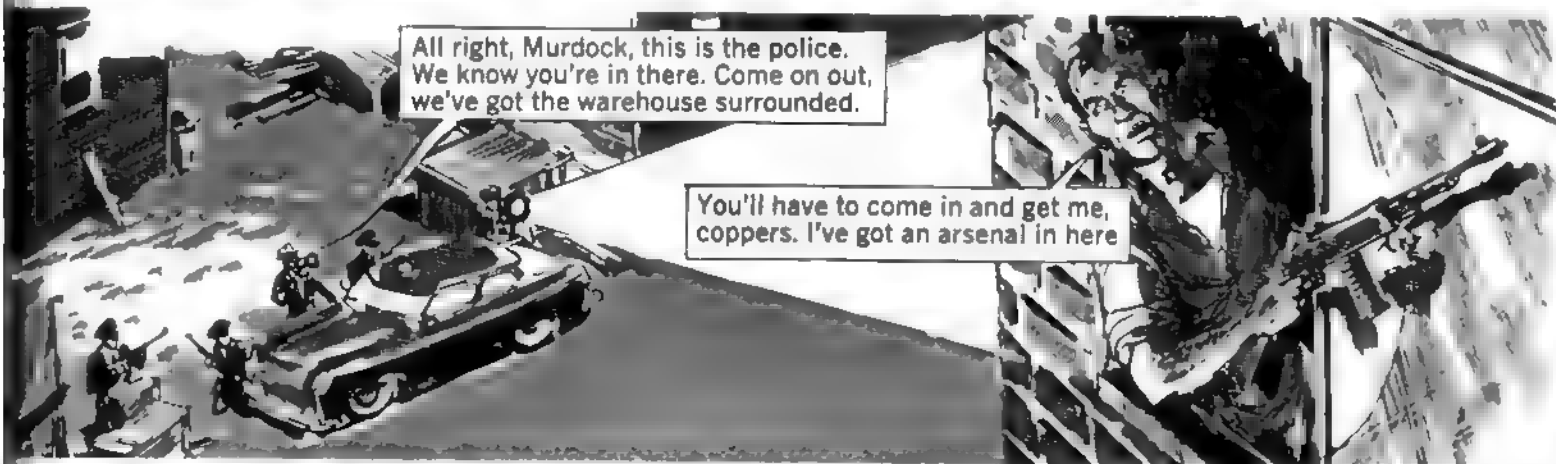
I just had a kid do the very
same thing for me in here
five minutes ago.

Can you beat that,
Sid - somebody has
stolen your act!

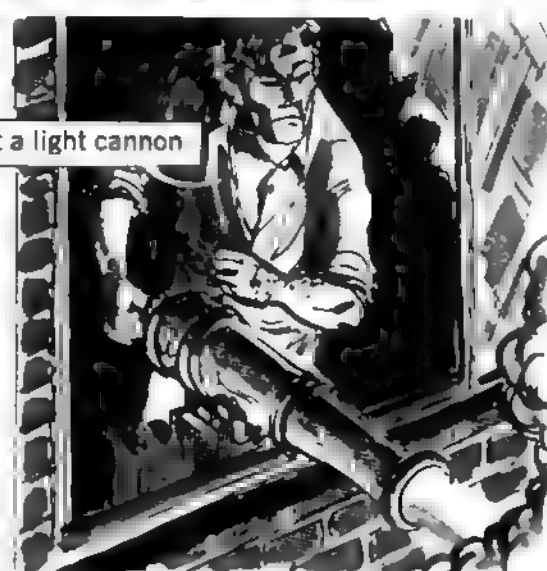


Our Favorite Movie Scenes

THE ARREST



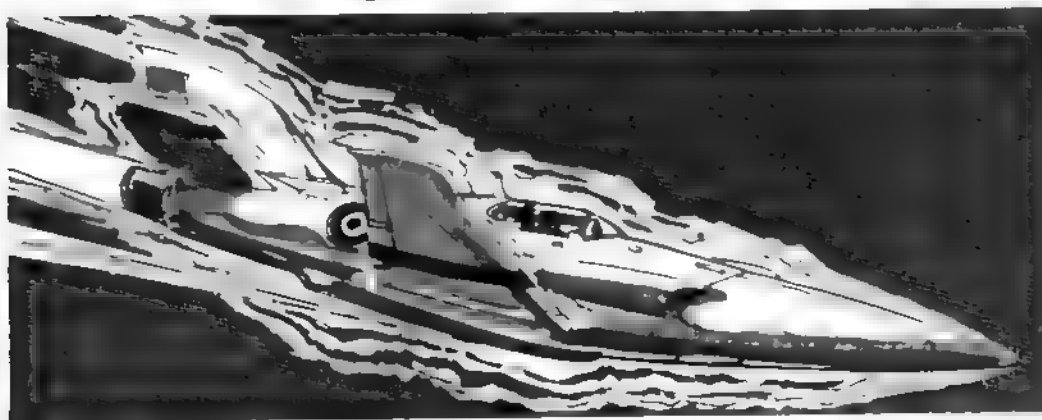
You'll have to come in and get me, coppers. I've got an arsenal in here



AIRPLANE EPIC

Remember the scene in "Breaking the Sound Barrier" when Nigel Patrick is testing the new

jet plane and Ralph Richardson, the manufacturer, is in the tower...It went like this:



The plane begins buffeting and Patrick is being shaken out of his skin.

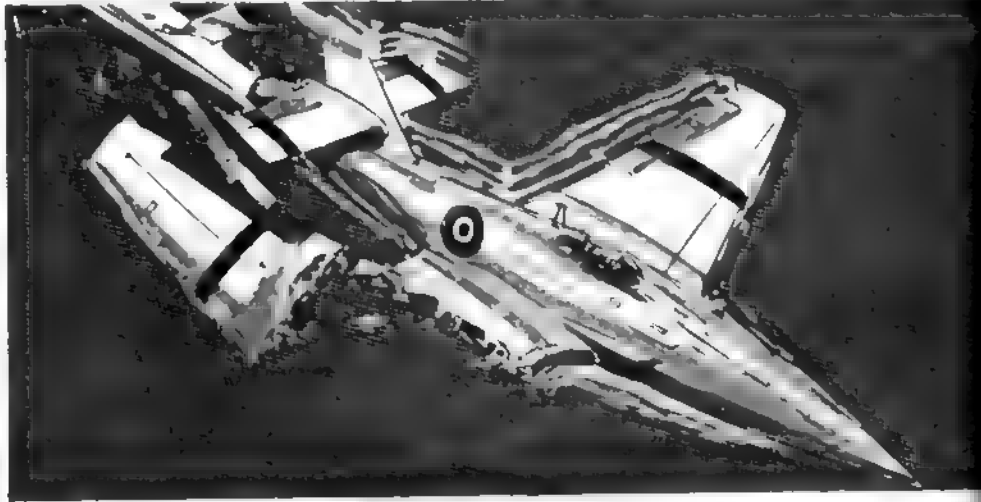
Ralph Richardson asks: "How are you doing, Toby?"



Nigel Patrick, up in what's left of the plane, replies: "A piece of cake." The fuselage splits in two and the motor drops out.

Ralph Richardson asks again: "How is it, Toby?"

Nigel Patrick answers: "It's a piece of cake." Immediately, his right wing and a piece of his tail rips off.





But Nigel lands the windshield ..



Later, Ann Todd is serving tea and gives Ralph Richardson a crumpet. Richardson eyes it suspiciously and asks: "What is it?"

Nigel Patrick answers: "A piece of cake." The roof rips off the house, windows shatter and the walls peel off ...



Mr. Nixon Meets the Press



SCENE: Press conference in Los Angeles, California.

NIXON: I have two statements to make. I will not run for President in 1964 and I will run for Governor of California in 1962. Any questions?

REPORTER: What is the one thing that lost you the 1960 election?

NIXON: The total votes.

REPORTER: Do you plan to do anything this time you didn't do in your 1960 campaign?

NIXON: Yes, this time I hope to make an acceptance speech.

REPORTER: Will you go on TV with Governor Pat Brown as you did with JFK?

NIXON: If I do, it will be on another show — Saturday Night Fights.

REPORTER: Mr. Vice-President, recently you hit a golf ball 257 yards and made a hole-in-one. Was that a harbinger?

NIXON: No, I think it was a Spaulding.

REPORTER: We know as in the past you still comment on world affairs. Tell us, would you recognize Mao Ten Zing?

NIXON: Why? Is he our waiter?

REPORTER: As vice-president you were close to the presidency for eight years. How did you take the many jokes about you?

NIXON: I resented one joke — it was that everytime Ike coughed, I grabbed a Bible and held my right hand in the air while Pat called Chief Justice Earl Warren. Now, isn't that silly? Pat never called Earl Warren. She didn't have to. We had him tied up down in the cellar.

CONTEST

\$100 IN PRIZES

Send entries:

SICK Magazine
32 West 22nd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

The recently released hit record, "Presidential Press Conference," presented an imaginary press conference in which our President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy — you remember him — answered questions shot at him by various celebrities. We are paying cash for readers who can identify the greatest number of celebrities pictured on this page.

Prizes are \$50.00 for the reader who names most of the celebrities and \$10 for the five runners-up. Or is that runner-ups? In case of duplicate winners, duplicate prizes will be awarded and three judges will be out of work. All entries become the property of SICK Magazine and the decision of judges will be final. Contest closes February 1st, 1962.



The people in our November issue contest were:

THE WINNERS of the Name-That-Name contest in the November issue

Tied for first place with
21 correct answers,

Margaret Flores
Box 163
Crawford, Texas

Mrs. Lee Eschendal
1320 West Arthur Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Miss Bette Gottwald
1415 Mississippi Street
Minneapolis 21, Minn.

John Hall Lopez
1209 Ave. D
Galveston, Texas

Seven runners-up divide \$50.
Win \$7.00 each

R. Keslinger
74-05 Little Neck Pkway
Floral Park, N. Y.

Mrs. Henry Richardson
1725 South Walnut
Muncie, Indiana

Joe Mounger
506 No. Bengt St.
McKinney, Texas

Esther Chappell
7260 Pierson
Detroit, Mich.

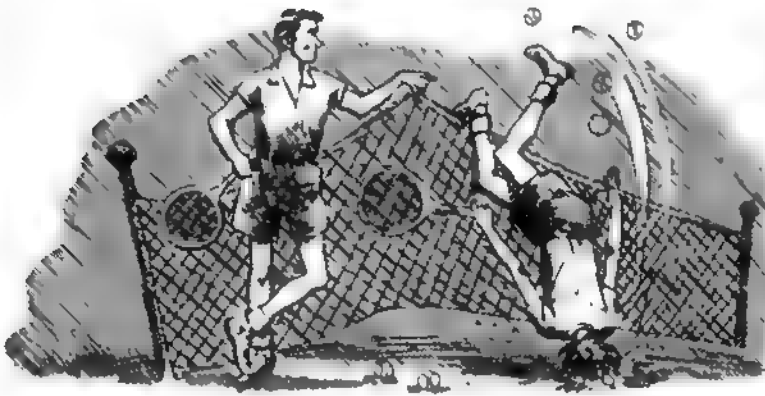
Sid Krendel
3rd & Ontario Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lucille Ball
Carolyn Jones
Nanette Fabrey
Mary Martin
Ann Blythe
Frankie Avalon
Yul Brynner
Art Carney
Fred MacMurray
Dick Clark
Jim Garner (Maverick)
Ed Wynn
A. Ribicoff
Perry Como
Nixon
Robert Stack
Tony Curtis
John Mathias
Sal Mineo
Steve Allen
St. Eve McQueen
John McIntire (Wagon Train)
Robert Horton
Richard Boone
Henry Fonda
Glenn Ford
Cantinflas
John Wayne
Chuck Connors
Cugat
Marlon Brando
David Niven



It's about time someone wrote a book entitled, "How to Lose Disgracefully." Trouble with America is we bring our kids up to be good losers instead of lousy winners. What's so great about being a good loser? Just once, we'd like to see a losing basketball team break down and cry, roll around on the court, kicking their feet into the air.

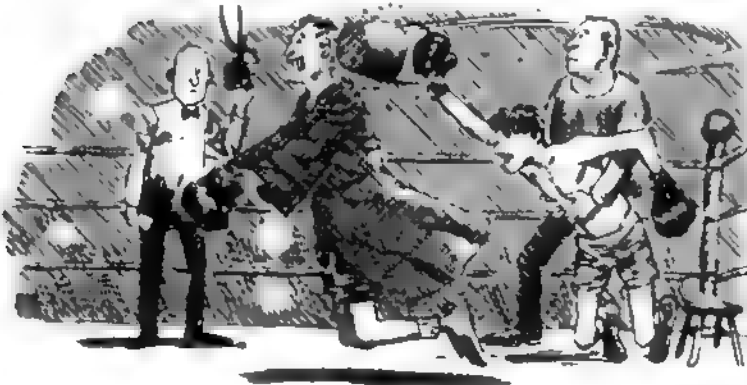
SICK GUIDE FOR LOSERS



In tennis when your opponent makes set point and runs up to the net to make his victory jump, haven't you ever wanted to raise the net about three inches and watch him tumble to the ground on his face?



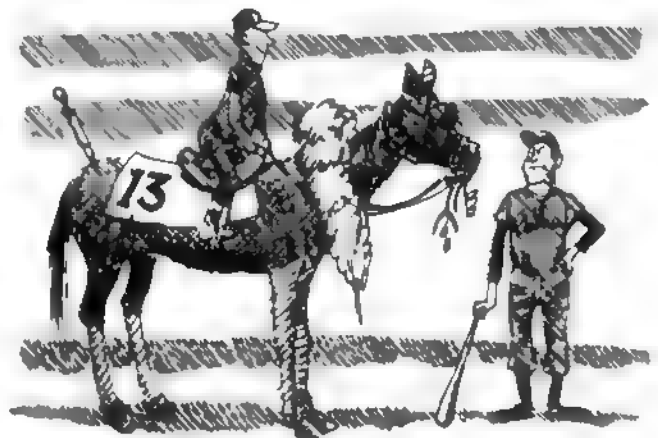
At the 18th hole of the U.S. Open when the pro loses \$80,000 by one stroke, wouldn't you love to see him break a club over his opponent's head?



In a prizefight when the victor dances over to the loser's corner. Haven't you ever wished the battered loser would pick up the water bucket and land a right cross behind the winner's neck?



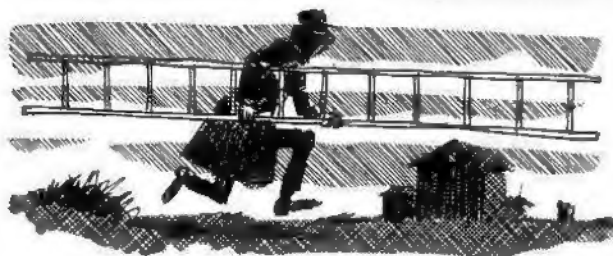
After the football game when the losing team gives a cheer for their conquerors, just once we'd like to hear the losers say what they really think of them — "Rah, Rah, Teachers' State, You play dirty football!"



This then, is SICK. The magazine for the young loser. Read by Batista, Judge Peel, John Powers, and we hope U-2. Dedicated to Gene Mauch, Manager of the hapless Philadelphia Phils, who said after his team set a 23-game losing streak, "Well, you can't win them all." And to the spirit of little Jockey, Orlando Gonzalvez, who rode 109 losers before riding a winner, and declared "Let Gene Mauch top that."

And to Bruno Hauptmann, noted ladder climber, who said "Why did they call it a kidnapping? We were eloping."

SICK is dedicated to the big losers like the teen-age singer who has a lousy voice and still can't sell records... He is prematurely bald. To the author of the worst seller. To the scientist who invented a cure for Salk vaccine...



To the referee at the Tunney-Dempsey fight who, when asked if he had given Tunney a long count, replied "NNNNNoooo, I-I-I-I-I Coun-coun-coun-ted in mymymy nor-nor-nor-mal voice."



To the guy who was in the shower when the Andria Doria went down — whose first clue that the boat was sinking was a bar of soap floating past his chin....



To the loser who manufactured 50,000 Debbie and Eddie matching pajamas and hasn't slept since... To the guy who let John Wilkes Booth hide in his barn because the actor promised to make it into a summer theater. Who, when told his barn had been burned to the ground with Booth inside, answered, "That's show business."

To Alf Landon and Mrs. Bernard Finch... To all the losers, SICK is dedicated. Hail to the conquering hero mixed with snow and rain.

SICK's losers' motto — "If at first you don't succeed — find out if the loser wins anything..."

RECORD ALBUM FANS

"MASTERFUL!"

"HITS A REAL
TARGET!"

"WAY OUT
HUMOR"

"SHARP"
"NIFTY!"

VARIETY

THE SICKNIKS: "SICK NO. 2" (Amy). Will Jordan and Sandy Baron, a couple of masterful mim-ingle, "The Presidential Press Conference," with a passel of additional parodies on various things, political and non-political. This is way out humor with a sharp sense of the absurd which frequently hits a real target. In addition to an expanded version of the "Presidential Press Conference," there's a nifty takeoff on "Exodus," United Nations, Frankenstein, and a Krushchev press conference.

Billboard says:

"SKILLFUL! OUTSTANDING!"

Strongest sales potential of
the week's comedy Album reviews!"

SICK #2



Frankenstein
The simple, heart-warming delightful story of an average monster

EXODUS
Exclusive!...
In English with Hebrew titles

Scoop!
WADJA SAY.
MISTER K?
The complete transcript in broken Russian

Wherever records are sold... of...

AND MORE!
Starring... the
SICKNIKS

RUSH
\$4.
to

SICK #2
Woodstock Music
200 W. 57th St.
New York, N. Y.
Room 607

INTERESTING OCCUPATIONS

In our never-ending (or is that ever-mending?) search for odd occupations, SICK discovered a man who makes and sells fallout shelters. The interview went something like this—



GREAT COURTROOM SCENES...

All right, Pops, now tell The Umbrella Man again—
"There's no such thing as a bad boy ..."



INTERNATIONAL LOSERS CONVENTION

